NEW YORK CLIPPER

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SNOW-SHOE HURDLE RACE.

In Montreal, Canada, hurdle-races, in snow-shoes, form a species of amusement in which the people take great delight. Our engraving is a representation of such a race, which took place at Montreal. The snow-shoe may be described as a large racket worn by men travelling on snow, to prevent their feet sinking into it. In the races, a great deal of amusement is afforded to the spectators by the falls, &c., of the runners.

THE GREAT RACE

For $100,000,

WITH LAMB'S "NIGHT MARES" AND "ETHAN ALLEN,"

AND WHO GOT HURT IN THE RACE.

Among the fast things that this fast little town affords, we have never heard anything quite as fast as Lamb's pair of trotters.

Now Mr. Lamb is a bold, rude and honest man; one whose way is in the straight and narrow path, yet he is none of those canting Christians, but one who loves the field of nature, and among all the animals of God's handiworks, he loves most the horse. And he is a judge of a good horse. He cannot cure a spavin or take off a ring bone, in the twinkling of a sheep's tail, like our old friend, Uncle Charles, but he can pick our a horse for my money, and it is not very plenty with me either.

As I said before, Mr. Lamb loves a horse, and, like a Methodist minister, he loves a good one, and he had a little rather have a fast one, too. Well, it is not at all strange that in this fast age, where all is fast about him, that Mr. Lamb should have taken it in his head to get a pair of trotters that should "clean the road," —a pair as good and fast as anybody's pair—one that he might bet his money on and count on it sure to pay a bank note with. Mr. Lamb decided to have such a pair, and he is not the man to stand dilly-dallying, but went at once to work to obtain them; and strange as it may appear to those who have sought long without finding, Mr. Lamb had no trouble at all in finding a pair just to his mind. He brought them home in the night and took them down on the ice—it was winter—to give them a trial. They went splendid. They were faster than the hurried wind. They had to but start and they were at the goal, no matter what the distance. They could trot a mile in a minute, and two miles in thirty seconds. There was none so fast. He felt every dollar of the sporting world's money in his own pocket and well he might. The next thing for Mr. Lamb, having all the trumps of the game in his own hand, was to play them. He must lay low and keep dark. He must have a partner who had a power of money, and such a one he saw in Mr. Austin, of Orwell, Vermont, a lover, too, of the horse, and a gentleman of undisputed means. He went and saw him. Mr. Austin was delighted with his story, and came home with Mr. Lamb to see the horses go, before he "went in" himself, as he is a man who loves a "dead sure thing," as well as Uncle Charles. Mr. Austin saw the horses, and about midnight Lamb took him down on the ice and gave him a ride after them, and he timed them also. There could be no mistake, the horses could trot, where I have told you, dear reader,—a mile in a minute, and two miles in thirty seconds. There had never been any pair of horses heard of like them before, and Mr. Austin felt it safe to invest his immense wealth on them. He told Mr. Lamb to tell no person of the speed of his horses, and that he would go home and immediately return with all the money that his vast estates would bring, and that they would match Ethan Allen, and that that they would soon have so much money that they should not know where to put it.

Mr. Austin returned as he promised, and brought a sleigh load of bank bills, and he challenged "Ethan Allen" to trot Mr. Lamb's pair for a hundred thousand dollars, and the race was accepted and the money put up, and they were to trot immediately. So Mr. Lamb got his pair ready and went down on the ice where "Ethan Allen" was before him—but by the time he had got to the place where the trot was to come off, Mr. Austin had bet a great deal more money than the main stakes, and it lay in piles all over the ice.

The horses were got ready and started for the first heat, but instead of Lamb's easy victory, as was anticipated by himself and Mr. Austin, "Ethan Allen" led the pair about a rod through the entire mile, and it was impossible for Mr. Lamb to get ahead of him, so the first heat was given to "Ethan."

Mr. Austin was in great trepidation; he had bet a very large amount of money, and he told Mr. Lamb if he could not win he was a ruined man. Mr. Lamb's confidence was not yet gone, he was sure he should win the next heat, and he told Mr. Austin so.

After twenty minutes the horses were again sent off on the second heat, and again was "Ethan" ahead at the three-quarter pole; but Mr. Lamb saw that something must be done or "Ethan's" victory was sure, so he roused himself for a mighty effort. He screamed and he lashed his pair with the strength of a giant, when, to his wonderment, the horses cut loose with a rush that would have astonished "Prioress" at the Cæsarewitch, and beat "Ethan" a distance.

Then there was a mighty shout of victory, and amid the noise and tumult, Mr. Lamb thought he heard a familiar female voice saying: "Warren, you have hurt me very much."

The race was a dream. He had kicked his dear wife out of the bed. And of the money that he'd won, there was left "nary red." P. B.

Whitehall, Jan. 4, 1858.

[*American* (*N. Y.*) *Sentinel.*

THE SWIMMING PARTY:

AND HOW THE GIRLS DISCOVERED THEM.

'Twas an awful hot day, the sun set the night before in a red nest, and hatched out the hotest day that ever caused an old fogy to "hist" a blue cotton "umbril"—the earth was parched till the cracks could be used for boot jacks, the grass wilted like a toad in a snow storm, the flies went to sleep under the toad stools, and molasses was too lazy to run. I had a cent in my pocket and the heat gave the Goddess of Liberty upon it a rush of blood to the head causing her to look as if she had the mumps on both sides, and a wart on her nose. It was some hot. I was sitting upon a box marked triangle G trying to keep the corners of my shirt collar from sliding down into my boots. The horn buttons of my coat had already melted and stopped up the hole of my night key. I felt so kinder flabby that I believe you could have cut button-holes in my ribs and buttoned them to my toes. Things were kinder coming to a focus with me, when along came a friend in a wagon I call it a wagon, but it looked more like a four-wheeled hen-coop. It was drawn by two somethings; I suppose they call them horses, but I never saw more knife-handle material, and less flesh, than were inside those two hides. I verily believe that if they had sneezed they would have blown themselves out of their skins. My friend sings out, "Holloo Jack, you want to go a swimming?" "Will a Butcher Boy eat dumplings hard?" says I, and in I jumped. I found four other friends stowed away under the seat trying to keep shady, the driver brought down his stick upon the two hides very many several times which sounded like a nigger beating a carpet; and after considerable of an effort the apologies got started, and we had a lively ride. The wheels hadn't been greased since Noah wore his first night-cap, and they furnished us with some rich, I can't say rare music; while the hind wheels were grinding the "Dead March in Saul," the fore wheels were playing "Jordon is a hard road to travel;" every time the wheels would go *down* into a rut the nigh skeleton—who had the string halt—would twitch his hind leg up, giving us a jolt that would cause our chins to come into juxtaposition with the toes of our boots. I had just made up my mind to get out and walk ahead. When we arrived at the sea shore, that paradise of long clams, the Eden of Crabs, we had nothing tie up to, so we tied to it—and down into the surf. We all disrobed and—leaving our clothes in the wagon, at a signal dove into the multitudinous seas," I went under head and ears, cut my toe on a clam shell, and came up. I spit out, sundry pebble stones, scratched a number of the countless sands of the sea shore out of my head, danced on one foot till I burst the bubbles in my ears, when I became aware that my comrades were shouting pretty lustly. I pushed the hair out of my eyes and what a sight for a nervous man! I'll be darned if the animals hadn't got scared at the splashing in the waters or else they had smelt an oat, and they were on the home stretch with all their clothes. They rapidly disappeared from sight, old string halt's hind leg jerking against the dash board at every "turn." We were in an interesting condition. Five be Flora McFlimsys, five miles from home. I wished I was a canvass back duck more than once that afternoon; it was romantic but not very funny; we stayed in the water till our skins looked like patent isinglass, and the water soaked through till we could taste the salt, when we cut stick for a neighboring cornfield, and had just got fairly hid when down came two lo ds of the prettiest and sauciest boarding school girls that ever wore bloomers. We were congratulating ourselves upon our escape, when we heard that rich Irish brogue; we heard the corn crashing, and a voice crying, "Sake him! Sake him!" and had just time to climb a tree, when up rushed the most open countenanced bull-dog I ever saw, with a homely visaged Celtic gentleman behind him. "Sure ain't ye a pretty group of model artists up there, ye blackguards; ye was after staling a gintleman's corn, was ye?" The damsels were bathing close by us, and there was not a leaf on the tree, and we begged hard that the Irish gent would shut his mouth or the girls would see us; but 'twas no use, we hadn't a hot potato and we couldn't stop him; and good Lord, the dear maidens saw us, and the way the water foamed for a second was a caution; they didn't stand upon the order of their going but went at once. We told Pat our story and agreed to pay him to go up to town and get our clothes. "Divil a bit will I do it," says he, "if one of ye will go to the house with a front door at the side I'll give him some of my own clothes, and he can take the nice walk himself, and to make sure he'll come back, I'll leave the dog to take care of ye," and leave him he did. The dog kept guard, and for three hours and a half we roosted in that old tree, fighting the horseflies and mosquitoes. I got bit till there wasn't a fresh place to bite, and I looked like a two-legged nutmeg grater. Every time we stirred, the dog would growl, and I didn't feel bad when Sam came back with the clothes. The anniversary of that day I always fast. It was wonderful to see how some young ladies blushed when we met them on the street after that, and how suddenly a boy about my size became interested in the number of cracks in the pavement when he saw a hoop-skirt approaching in the dim distance.

HOW THE OWL WAS SET UP.

FOLLOWING NATURE.

In Saintville, a very quiet town in one of the Middle States—we do not like to spot it exactly—Squire Williamson reigns as the supreme judge in all matters of taste, especially in the fine arts. He sets up to be the most knowing man in town, not in law only, but in all departments of science. Now and then he overshoots the mark. One of his neighbors, an intelligent mechanic, having a fine taste for natural history, spent a good deal of time and labor in preparing a cabinet of stuffed birds, arranging them "as natural as life," on perches around his shop. The squire was fond of dropping in from time to time to find fault with the arrangements of the specimens. He admitted the skill of the man in skinning and stuffing them, but the habit of the bird was not hit in the way he stands.

"Why don't you follow nature?" the squire would ask, and grumble at the work to show his own acquaintance with a subject of which he was totally ignorant.

Rogers, the bird-fancier, was vexed at the squire's criticism and self-conceit, and resolved upon fixing him. A friend from the country brought him one day a live owl of beautiful plumage, and Rogers gladly took it of him, and set it up in one corner of the shop on a shelf. Presently, as the squire was passing, he asked him in. His eye caught sight of the new addition to the cabinet, and he exclaimed:

"Hey, hey, Rogers—a splendid specimen that! elegantly stuffed too! But, Rogers, who ever saw an owl with his head tucked up in that kind of a way? Follow nature, man!"

"Perhaps," said Rogers, "you could fix the head as owls are accustomed to hold them."

"To be sure I can," replied the squire; and, mounting a chair, he reached up to the bird to straighten out his head. But his owlship did not wait to be pulled; he darted out his bill, and gave the squire's forefinger a grip that he will carry the mark of for many a day. Falling back out of the chair in his fright, and seeing a smile of satisfaction on Rogers' face, he saw at once that he had been sold. The owl looked as wise as a judge, and the squire was compelled to give in; but he insists that owls in the woods or in the barn do not hold their heads as this rascally fellow does in the cabinet.

All on One Side.—"O, Johnny!" said one little boy to another, "let us play fighting! and you stand on the table, that's the fort; and I'll be the enemy, and undermine the fort, and blow it up—take the table by the legs, you know and tip you ever. Won't it be fun?" Johnny was doubtful, and suggested that Charley stand upon the table, or else he would decline playing.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1858.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. AND C.—"Allow us to submit the following for publication and decision. A pigeon match came off on New Year's day, between Mr. W. Nolting, and F. Lang, of this city; each was to find ten birds; which were to be let out of a trap separately, and shot on the wing. They were to fall within eighty yards of the stand after being fired at. Mr. Nolting brought down nine; Mr. Lang eight, fairly, and one on which rests the dispute. This bird was fired at and missed; it flew out of the boundary lines, and was fired at by an outside party; it then whirled around, and comes back within a few yards of the stand, and was brought down by Mr. Lang. Was he entitled to the bird, it having flown over more than eighty yards after being fired at, at the appointed time? According to the above, which won the stakes? The parties await your decision." The bird having been shot at, and missed, and having flown out of bounds, is a lost bird, and cannot be claimed if afterwards shot. Such being the case, Mr. Nolting wins the stakes.

OLD FRIEND SAM, Philadelphia.—*All Fours.*—"I have made a wager on the following disputed point in a game of Cut Throat, which is referred to you for decision:—A, B, and C are playing a three-handed game of All Fours; A deals the cards, and turns up a club for trump; B begs, when the cards are run, and a heart turned up; the beggar, B, says to the dealer, 'how would you like to run them again?' when C, the third player, objects, and says they have no right to run them again without his, C's, consent. Please decide which is correct." C has nothing to say in the matter—it is optional with A and B whether they run them again, bunch them, or play them.

THE WELLOW, N. Y.—The Manual for 1857, containing the play of 1856, with the other works mentioned in your first catalogue, you will be likely to obtain by addressing H. Lillywhite, P. O., Staten Island. We know of no other books published on the subject than those you refer to.

X. Y. Z., Lockport.—You do not state the length you require the gaffs. In New York the short gaffs are used, but we believe that you use the long ones in Lockport. Send a pattern of the size and shape, and we will forward you them. The price is from $2 to $4, according to size and quality.

DOMINOES, Philad'a.—"Four sit down to play a game of Euchre, dominoes—A and B play against C and D; A leads a double; C trumps it; B trumps over it; after B plays, C finds he has suit, and draws his trump. Has not B the same privilege to draw his?" Yes.

BOSTON.—1. Forgot it; have since forwarded the paper. 2. In All Fours, if you turn up Jack, and there is no trump out, you cannot claim high, low, and Jack? 3. Mr. Brown is Secretary of the St. George's Cricket Club.

A. W., Pittsburgh.—"Please decide the following bet—A and B bet that in throwing dice, in a raffle, 42 would win; two persons throw 42 each, thus making a tie—in throwing off the tie, 35 wins. Does 42 win or lose?" Forty-two wins.

H. A. B., Cleveland.—*Cribbage.*—"A and B are playing; the latter has played his last card, the count standing 23—A still holds a 7 and a 9; can he by playing his 7 making 30, count one for *go*, and one for last card, the 9, also?" Yes.

W. C. S., Rochester.—The price of the best quality of French is $3 per pair, inferior qualities lower. By remitting us the amount, we will forward you them.

B. J. D., Boston.—Keep him in a dry place, with plenty of clean fresh straw, and feed him on meat, milk, and occasionally on tallow crap, obtained from the tallow chandler.

G. W. B., Philad'a.—Rub him well with the following wash: Train oil, ½ pint; spirits of turpentine, ½ pint; flour of sulphur, ½ lb; mix well together. Give him half an ounce of castor oil twice a week.

E. C., Philad'a.—You will find, on examination, that although they are numbered alike, 3, they bear the respective dates of May 9 and May 16.

J. E. B., Rochester.—1. Commence with seven pounders. 2. They are made of different sizes. 3. Not having seen any of the fights alluded to, we are unable to describe the movement in question.

J. H., Mobile.—Our time is so occupied that we have not leisure to attend to commissions that require much research. Of the party referred to, we know nothing whatever.

P. F., Charleston, S. C.—"Please decide this bet—is John Marriott's dog Tanner, 31 lbs, that fought the dog Bullet, still alive?" Tanner is alive, and is now in the possession of Mr. Marriott, in this city.

M. G. BUTLER, Lansingburgh.—The lowest number of balls with which a player may possibly get a string of 300 pins, at bowling, is eleven.

W. C., Brady's Bend.—The Cunard steamship company have never lost a steamer.

H. S., Trappe, Montgomery Co., Pa.—They merely euchre the party going alone, for which they score two points only.

A. Z.—See article on Game Cock, elsewhere. We have not room in this department for a description of the process.

READER, Lowell.—We do not know "the world-renowned Johnny Duley, of the Broadway Minstrels."

RAMROD, Detroit.—That document will be found inserted in another part of this issue.

I. M. P., Dover, N. H.—We can forward you the work for one shilling.

S. D., Central Bridge.—Single subscriptions received from all parts of the world. See terms in the paper we forward you.

W. K. HENRY, Cincinnati.—The fight took place in 1849, as stated—it took place in Maryland.

OLD SUB., Washington City.—1. See advertisement. 2. Subscription expires with No. 41.

M. Y.—By making known your wishes in a letter to Mr. James, you will receive the required information.

ANT. T., JR., New Orleans.—Will post your friend, and put him on the right track.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUAIL.—Philadelphia, Jan. 14, 1858.—DEAR CLIPPER—Seeing an inquiry in your sheet of last week as to the best and most economical way of procuring live partridges to turn out in this section, and having devoted some little attention to the matter, I thought fit to answer it. In the first place, the only locality from which they can be obtained is the West, and it is only the southern sections there, in which they are any ways plenty. In the northern portions of Indiana and Illinois, there is very little cover for the birds, and the recent severe winters, combined with the destructive efforts of the Pot Hunters from Chicago and other western cities, have very nearly annihilated them. Thousands and thousands of these poor, half starved, half frozen birds have been unmercifully slaughtered by these inhuman wretches, and shipped to the eastward, and the result is the nearly total extinction of the species in these vicinities. In the southern counties of the above and adjacent States, things are more cheering. The birds there have a very thick and excellent cover in a species of scrub oak, which protects them alike from the severity of the weather and the persecutions of the market shooters. Here, consequently, they can be found in large numbers, and it is from here they can be procured. There are several persons in Chicago who would be willing to deliver them in Philadelphia in the neighborhood of $2 per dozen, and as dead birds they will command from $1 to $1.25 per dozen; this is a very reasonable rate.

In conclusion, allow me to congratulate your correspondent upon his efforts to preserve the partridge, and that they may prove successful is the hearty wish of MERRSCHAUM.

I apologise (rather tardily, however) to the "God Forsaken," and consider myself as having been shot out on that chance. By the way, what has become of your able correspondent "Woodruff?" We have seen his well known phiz lately at several matches, reports of which we have looked for in vain in your columns. We thought he would have been the first to chronicle the triumph of the light weight champion "Vance," in taking "that case of birds" from the "Red Eye Party," of which they were so sure. Vance has been shooting with hard luck lately, but is now getting into his old form, and will prove a troublesome customer yet.

POULTRY FAIR.—Toronto, Jan. 13, 1858.—ED. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* I see by a late number of your paper that the State Poultry Fair of Pennsylvania was held in Philadelphia, in November. In 1856 you promised in your paper to give notice of the next fair; I did not, however, see it mentioned. Although, I am aware that, as a sporting paper, it does not belong to your province to devote much space to agricultural affairs, still I would suggest, that as so many of your readers take an interest in fairs as means tending to promote the pure breeding of choice stock, in your reports when giving the list of contributors you would also mention their city, or town, and county; that one desirous of interchanging, or of purchasing new stock may be enabled to do so. May I request you to give me the names and address of the President, Recording and Corresponding Secretaries. I make the suggestion as it is one which would be very acceptable to many of your readers, and is, in my opinion, the only improvement which can be made in your very interesting and valuable paper.

I remain yours truly, B. JONES.

[A notice of the exhibition alluded to, appeared in our columns a couple of weeks before the opening day. Our Philadelphia friends will probably oblige us by giving the names of the officers alluded to.—ED. CLIP.]

FLY-BY-NIGHT.—We are glad to announce the safe arrival of this celebrated racer in this country. He arrived in New York on Saturday last in the Aurora from Liverpool, and had apparently suffered considerably from the voyage. He was purchased for $7,500 by Colonel White of Virginia, who has in him secured one of the finest specimens of the celebrated Flying Dutchman and Bay Middleton blood. We gave a few weeks ago a full account of Fly-by-night's performances on the turf.

FORGERY AND ITS VICTIM.

A FEELING of sympathy seems to have been awakened in Boston for Young Ed. Price, whose conviction in that city we recently alluded to. This feeling has not been created through any efforts on the part of the friends of Price, but by the peculiar circumstances connected with the unfortunate affair which has resulted in his incarceration in Suffolk Jail. Mr. Price has been a resident of Boston for a couple of years, and we have never heard of his having been engaged in any disreputable act other than that for which he has been convicted. Previous to his leaving for Boston, he resided in this State, and always bore a fair and unsullied character. It was an unfortunate thing for him when he left here, for, on reaching Boston, he seems to have been marked by the "principal supporters of sports" as an easy prey, and a tool to assist them in their business transactions. Dazzled by the brilliant promises of a few pretended friends, in an unguarded moment he allowed himself to be inveigled into their schemes—he caught at the bait held out by these vampyres, and became their victim. Now, what are the facts connected with this forgery business? The trial disclosed only those that related to the forgery by Cowee, and the part taken by Price in putting the bills in circulation. That was all. Cowee could have given the whole history of the affair, from beginning to end—he could have named the concoctors of the villainy, whose arrest would have led to some disclosures that would have consigned the whole batch of those "genteel scoundrels" to the place now occupied by their victim. But the prosecution did not seem disposed to touch upon this phase of the crime, and Cowee confined *his* disclosures to the movements of Price. These "respectable" rascals first planned the job—they then induced Cowee, who was known to them as a skilful penman, to forge the signatures of the Bank officers; this done, and the bills ready for distribution, their next object was to find parties to circulate them, for *they* were too "genteel" to engage in that sort of business. The inducements held forth to those who had never been accustomed to handle much money, had the desired effect, and among the rest, for there were others beside him engaged in passing the bills, Price was caught in their toils, and, however much he may have afterwards regretted the part he took therein, he was in the power of his destroyers, and could not withdraw. The sequel we are all acquainted with: the forgery was discovered; the crime traced to Cowee; and he, no doubt, at the instigation of his "genteel" employers, turned State's Evidance to save himself and them. It was an easy thing to find a victim upon whom to throw the entire brunt of the battle, and that victim was Ed. Price. They selected him because he was "only a prize fighter," and, therefore, as they imagined, less likely to meet with friends or sympathy; but the result has proved that, when convicted on *purchased evidence*, the evidence of self-admitted criminals, even the "poor prize fighter" finds sympathy in fearless and un-bought public opinion, and firm friends gather around the victim, for they despise alike the treason and the traitors that have condemned him to a prison cell.

But where are the originators of this villainy? the very head and front of the crime. Some of them, doubtless, by this time, are beyond the reach of the law *at present*; others, if not in the State of Massachusetts, at least are not so far away but that a requisition will secure them. It does seem singular that no efforts have as yet been made for their arrest, for, although Cowee has not publicly disclosed their names, it is very evident, nevertheless, that they are known to the officers, and some of them could be secured if it were desirable; but their money, perhaps, has thus far saved them. The conviction of the poor and friendless prize fighter seems to have accomplished all that the law desires, and justice is satisfied with the victim. We have received a number of letters from Boston, on this subject, which, could the ends of justice be furthered thereby, we would gladly publish; those ends, however, may be attained by their suppression at this time. The following, however, while expressing the sentiments of all, enters less into particulars concerning the villainy, and its concoctors, and, therefore, is admissible:

BOSTON, January 14, 1857.

FRANK QUEEN, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* The sentiments which were so fearlessly and justly expressed in your last issue, in vindication and support of young Ed Price, who has had the whole power of the government bearing down so heavily upon him, have been here received with the warmest feelings of admiration and response. The counsel, whom he engaged in his recent trial, Hon. Benjamin F. Butler, of Lowell, did every thing in the power of man to save his client, and presented a most able and powerful argument to the jury, after contesting the case inch by inch against the government. The charge of the Court was, perhaps, clear, but it was partial, and by some said to be considerably biased, as the Judge reversed the rule of common law, that the "testimony of an accomplice uncorroborated is insufficient for conviction," and charged that a verdict against the defendant could be found on the evidence of George R. Cowee, alone, if the jury believed it. Mr. Butler took exceptions to the verdict and the ruling of the Court, but a new trial was not granted. Cowee was promised by the government that if he would disclose the names of the other parties he should go clear; and the government had him so completely in their power that he could not, perhaps, do any different. But the most guilty parties have not even been indicted. It is said that they have fled the country; but if the truth were known, and if Cowee would disclose the whole matter publicly, *as he has probably done privately*, the people could then see who have been screened from justice by reason of their high position or influence in society. Cowee's testimony would not have convicted Price, for it was evident throughout his examination that his own wish was for Price to go clear, but in Suffolk County the juries seem determined invariably to convict on every indictment found for forgery, and even give the *government* the benefit of the *doubt*. As soon as Price is sentenced, an immediate and powerful effort will be made for his pardon. He has a few true friends yet, who will stand by him to the last; but that pretended and shadowy friendship lavished upon him while in prosperity, and which deserted him in his adversity, has received a sufficient rebuke from your own pen already. The undaunted tone and interested spirit of the article which you recently published in relation to Price has awakened a deep feeling here, which cannot soon be eradicated. It shows that you are ready to defend those members of that fraternity which it is the province of your paper to support, although you may incur thereby the displeasure of what is called "respectable public opinion." C. H.

DEATH OF PATSY FLYNN.—We regret to state that Mr. Patsy Flynn, who is known in sparring and fistic circles in New York and elsewhere, died at his residence, in this city, on Thursday, 14th instant. His disease was an affection of the throat, with which he had been for some time afflicted, but which did not confine him to the house. Flynn, it will be recollected, fought Enoch Davies, at Point Abino, Canada, on the 17th of September, 1856, for $600. Seventeen rounds were fought in 22 minutes, when a wrangle ensued, and Phil Clare, who was Davies' second, took his man out of the ring, supposing the battle was at an end, he having claimed the fight on account of a foul blow. The referee, however, decided that Flynn won the battle, and the stakes were subsequently handed over to him. Flynn has not since entered the ring, although he has challenged and been challenged. Mr. Flynn was of Irish birth, and, at the time of his death, was 28 years of age.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA.

WHO HOLDS IT? AND UNDER WHAT CONDITIONS?

Recent occurrences among certain of the pugilistic professors of this city have caused general attention to be directed to the subject of the American Championship; and from every quarter the inquiry has reached us: "Who is the present Champion of the United States?" This question is more easily asked than answered, and the difficulty arises, not from the number of the claimants for the honor, but from the fact that there is not one among them whose achievements are of a sufficiently high order to entitle him to it. The defeat of Yankee Sullivan by Tom Hyer justly entitled the latter to the proud title of Champion of America, especially as his public challenge to fight any man in the world resulted in no match. Hyer, however, having held the position for some few years, may be said to have virtually retired from the ring, and the championship was again in the field for him who could "win and wear it." The fight between Morrissey and Sullivan, ending in the former receiving the stakes, although there is no doubt that the latter was by far the better man at the close, induced many persons to imagine that Morrissey was entitled to the honors of the championship. But the merits of that person, as shown in the battle alluded to, were of so negative a character, except for gameness, that the entire sporting world seem to have disallowed the claim, until, at all events he could produce some more reliable credentials than was afforded on that occcasion. More recently, the victory of Bradley over Rankin so inflated the former with pride, that he laid claim to the championship; but his refusal to make good his title by accepting a challenge offered him through onr columns, at once nullified any claim he might have to be regarded as the champion of the United States.

The recent fracas between Messrs. Morrissey and Heenan, (the latter better known as the "Benicia Boy,") induced many to believe that the disputed question of the Championship would be set at rest, as in case of an encounter between those two "big guns" that title would assuredly be claimed by, and allowed to the conqueror. But up to this time no arrangements have been made to bring the matter to an issue. Morrissey declines fighting for a less sum than $5000 a-side, while his opponent offers to stake $2,500 on the event, and very forcibly reminds Morrissey that $1000 a-side was the maximum sum that he (Morrissey) has ever yet fought for; and that his refusal to fight for a less sum than $5000 looks like a desire, either to evade fighting or "to bluff" his opponent. There is a rule respecting the English Championship which we should be glad to see enforced in this country, (viz.) "that the Champion be compelled to maintain his title against any challenger, and that the *minimum amount of stake* for which he is obliged to fight shall be $1000 a-side." This rule consequently prevents the Champion noticing a host of pseudo challenges for trifling sums, while it also obliges him to accept any for that amount.

In the case above alluded to, the sum of $5,000 is so large as to prevent the challenge of Morrissey being accepted, and when we see such men as Spring, Bendigo, Caunt, Jem Ward, Broome, and Sayers, in England, contesting for the Championship, and $1,000 a side, (the former far more highly prized than the money,) we think that Morrissey would not sacrifice any great amount of dignity by fighting for a stake of a similar amount as those English Champions have contended for. It may very naturally be urged, that the great distance that has to be traveled in this country before a suitable locality can be reached where there is no danger of interruption to the fight, materially increases the expenses of both men, and consequently demands a larger stake to be contested for, so as to cover such increased outlay. This reason is a valid one, and in the case of Morrissey and the Benicia Bay we think the sum of $2,000 or $2,500, as offered by the latter, amply sufficient; as in our opinion, the importance of the fight depends less upon the amount fought for, than the celebrity and skill of the combatants themselves.

MOVEMENTS OF THE FANCY.—We were waited upon some days since by a friend of the Benicia Boy, with a request to state that the Benicia Boy would give an exhibition last week in Philadelphia, whither he had gone. It appears, however, that instead of going to Philadelphia, the "Benicia Boy" proceeded to Troy, why or for what purpose we have not been informed; but this movement on his part has very naturally given rise to various rumors, among the rest that he went there to make a match with Morrissey; but up to this time we have not heard that any definite arrangement had been entered into between those parties. Joe Coburn, who has been in Philadelphia, announced a sparring exhibition in that city for Monday evening last, and extensively circulated his bills on which was the name of the "Benicia Boy" as the attraction of the evening. Whether this personage reached that city in time for the exhibition we have not heard, but if he did not Mr. Coburn has doubtless received many blessings at the hands of the Philadelphians.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Up to the time of going to press, no news had been received of the result of the battle for the championship of England, between Tom Sayers and Bill Benjamin. The Europa, which was to have left Liverpool on the 9th inst., will probably give us the result of the battle. She had not arrived when we went to press on Tuesday evening.

GOOD SHOOTING.—Mr. E. T. Tufts, of East Cambridge Massachusetts, recently made the following excellent shooting: He shot with one of Mr. N. G. Whitmore's rifles, distance 203 yards, ten successive shots, within a three-inch circle, measuring only 8¼ inches string. If any of our rifle shooters will make a shorter string than this, Mr. Tufts will try again.

BAGATELLE.—Mr. James Adams, Pedestrian Shades, 70 White street, New York, has a young man who is open to play any man in the States, at the Irish game of Bagatelle, (three ball cannon game) for $100 a-side. The game to be one thousand up, half the game (500) to be played on a table selected by the person accepting the offer, and the other half (500) on a table chosen by the challenger. Man and money ready at the above place, or an answer through the CLIPPER will receive attention.

RARE SPORT IN DETROIT.

DETROIT, Jan. 6, 1858.

EDITOR CLIPPER—*Sir:* I have read of the Olympic games of old, of the Carnivals at Venice, of the bull baiting arenas of Spain, of the tournaments of the Seven Knights of Christendom; I have seen the great tournament at Eglinton-park, in Scotland, twenty years ago; I have seen many of the great gatherings in both England and Scotland for gymnastic exercises. These things are of common occurrence in Europe; but I was astonished to see in this comparatively small city of Detroit an announcement by large posters of a great sportsman's festival, got up under the auspices of Henry Gordon, the sporting butcher, comprising all sorts of games, both ancient and modern. It came off Dec. 30th ult., in a large enclosure on the Dubois farm, where a capacious pavillion was erected for the accommodation of visitors. It was magnificently decorated and festooned with evergreens; its walls were hung round with the emblems of all nations; its tables were amply covered with the good things of this life, in the shape of venison, roast beef, poultry of all descriptions, cakes, fruits, and the richest of viands, &c. The walls were hung round with the prizes that were to be contended for, from the antlered denizen of the forest to the barn door gobler. The military companies of the city were invited, three of which attended, viz: the Scott Guards, the Yagers, and the Shiel Guards. Henry Gordon was the Grand Marshal of the day, and Capt. Robert Brown, of Brownsville, judge of the games. When the hour arrived for the commencement of the carnival, the grand marshall took his stand, baton in hand, upon a pedestal overhung with the rose, shamrock, and thistle, protected by the eagle and the stars and stripes of America; the drum sounded, and the military drew up in single file, and presented arms to the grand marshal; their plumes of varied colors, red, white, and green, with all the paraphernalia and accoutrements of war, had a fine effect; the marshal reviewed them, and pronounced it *good*. The pavillion at this time presented a gorgeous spectacle; it gave some faint idea of Alexander's feast, described in the following lines:

"'Twas at the Royal feast of Persia, won
By Phillip's warlike son
Alopt; in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne,
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound," &c.

The band struck up "Hail Columbia," and marched into the arena, followed by the military, and a large crowd, and the games commenced.

The first on the programme was JUMPING. It were needless for me to attempt to name every contestant for the various games; I shall therefore only give the most prominent. There were a great many competitors for the first named game, and it was severely contested, but all had to succumb to one, Jem Melrose, (alias Belt the Beggars,) at one time surnamed the "Hero of Thankerton," from his having never been beaten on his native hills. He was dressed in the garb of old Gaul, with a feather in his bonnet, and a ribbon at his knees, and tho' drawing towards the seer and yellow leaf, showed great agility, having at one bound cleared all his opponents by two feet.

The next on the list was "HITCH AND KICK." Judge Burns, the great sword dancer and kicker, who appeared clothed in a novel India rubber, skin-tight dress, something like a harlequin, at one bound made his foot strike the hat, and sent it into the air like a kite, and won the prize; the crowd carrying him shoulder high round the enclosure, the band playing, "See the Conquering Hero comes."

Only two toed the scratch for the LONG RACE of 400 yards, viz., Captain Brown, (alias the Antelope,) and Harry Turner, (alias Blow-hard.) The Antelope's condition looked superb; his wiry frame and fine drawn limbs made him the admired of all admirers; Blow-hard looked rather fleshy, but his known pluck gave confidence to his friends. At the word go, both were on their pins at a terrific pace, and continued for half the distance, when Harry began to show symptoms of distress, while the Antelope was clearing the ground like the winged Pegasus; about 20 yards from the goal, Blowhard blew his last, and cried *peccavi*, and the Antelope won, amid deafening cheers, and "bravo Bob."

PUTTING THE STONE was a hard contested game, and brought out two of the athletæ of Detroit, viz., James McKay, (alias Bouncing Jamie,) and Johnnie Herdman, the Sandwich Buck. The result was in favor of McKay, by a few inches.

The POLE CLIMBING was a rich treat. Bill McHutchon, weighing 14 stone, made a desperate effort to gain the top, but just as he was about to eat the grapes, plummet never came quicker to earth than did poor Bill.

Charley Bradford, alias Geordie Robertson, the Cleveland Pet, won the PISTOL SHOOTING.

The Scott Guards won the TARGET PRACTICE.

I could not gather the names of the winners of the other minor contests. The ceremonies were brought to a close, by a grand display of the MANLY ART, with gloves, between Henry Gordon and Dr. W. Paton, well-known in sparring circles; both appeared in full fighting costume. On time being called, both went into attitude; Gordon showed something of the style of Deaf Burk, while the Doctor represented the celebrated Bendigo, being at one time a pupil of his in England. After a good deal of dodging, feinting, and manœuvreing, and several rounds, they made a grand finale, a regular rally, in which the Dr. got Gordon's head in chancery, gave him a fib or so, which made Gordon's nasal organ anything but pale, when they made their bow, and retired.

During the day the company on the ground were regaled with some beautiful National airs, by the Military Bands, as also from William Moir, the celebrated piper from Braemar, who was dressed in his tartan plaid and bonnet blue. He played some heart-stirring airs, the most admired being "We'll mabe gang hame to Lockhaber no more," and the "Haughs of Cromdale," which made the welkin ring, and brought to our recollection the stirring memories of a thousand years.

In the interior of the Pavilion, Prof. McLean presided at the Melodeon, and sang several of his admired songs, "Mary over the moor" being his forte. Alex. Paton being loudly called for, sang his famous ditty, "The Miller O'Dee," which put the tables in a roar; Capt. John Rily, U. S. A., sang with great gusto "Santa Anna lost the day, on the plains of Mexico," having been on the plains of Mexico himself, gave it additional interest, the Capt. superintending the military companies at the musket practice.

Thus, was brought to a close one of the greatest sporting affairs ever known in this part of the country, and it is to be hoped it is only a prelude to other such like exhibitions. I am yours truly, RAMROD.

QUOIT MATCH.—Burlington, N. J., Jan. 14, 1858.—DEAR FRANK:—A very exciting Quoit match came off on Tuesday last, 12th inst, at Tyburn, on the Trenton and Bristol Pike, about two miles below Trenton, for $100 a side, between John McCoy, of Philadelphia, and Henry H. Eyere, of Burlington, N. J., distance, 18 yards; first 75 counts. The match was very closely contested, the pitching being as good, probably, as was ever made in this neighborhood. The count stood 66 for McCoy; and 75 for Eyere, who was declared the winner by 9 counts. SKIP.

COCKING.

POULTRY QUARREL!

Philadelphia vs. Baltimore.

TWENTY-ONE COCKS A SIDE.

EIGHTEEN MATCHES! TWELVE CHECK WEIGHT!!

PHILADELPHIA VICTORIOUS!!!

MR. EDITOR: The long-looked-for main between Philadelphia and Baltimore was decided, after two days' glorious sport, on Friday last. The Philadelphia party, with their fowls, left here on Monday last, and, after a pleasant ride, reached Baltimore in safety, and immediately proceeded to Nelson's where they found everything ready and in apple pie order. Thursday morning the parties commenced weighing and found eighteen cocks a side to match, twelve being check weight; the preliminaries being gone through with, it was agreed to make two days' fighting, say nine matches each day.

Fighting commenced about 11 A. M. Thursday, and terminated on Friday, at 2 P. M.; each day respite of an hour being granted for dinner, the company repaired to the spacious dining-room, where every delicacy that a Southern market could produce was provided by the host, Mr. Nelson, to whom, in behalf of the Philadelphians present, I desire to return heart-felt acknowledgements. Mr. Nelson omitted nothing that could be done for the comfort and convenience of his guests; his affability and good-heartedness will be remembered by all, and upon some future occasion this evidence of kind attention will be reciprocated.

Mr. Brooks, in behalf of the Baltimoreans, gave us a hearty welcome, and by his courtesy and disinterested kindness satisfied all that a true sportsman is always a gentleman.

The cocks of each party gave evidence of the skill with which they had been kept; each one seemed able to fight for a man's life; the handlers understood their business, and tried every fair means in their power to win:

SUMMARY.

THURSDAY.	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
Philadelphia.....	1	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	1
Baltimore.....	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	0

FRIDAY.	10th.	11th.	12th.	13th.	14th.	15th.	16th.	17th.	18th.
Philadelphia....	0	1	0	1	0	0	1	1	1
Baltimore.....	1	0	1	0	1	1	0	0	0

It will be thus observed that the Philadelphians won ten matches, and the main. These mains are productive of much good; in the first place, sportsmen make each other's personal acquaintance; each can make a note of the other's proficiencies, observe the quaint and quizzical that are found in the sporting circle; and more important than all, perhaps, is the opportunity thus afforded to select good stock for breeding purposes. Yours truly,

Philadelphia, Jan 16, 1858. A DELEGATE.

P. S. There is to be a main here on Monday 25th inst., between Philadelphia and Pottsville; first-rate sport is looked for.

COCKING IN RHODE ISLAND.

New Bedford against Providence.

Descent of the Philistines—Arrests and Discharges.

THE COCKERS ALL RIGHT.

FRANK QUEEN.—*Dear Sir:* On Friday, 15th inst., a main of Cocks was fought at the Empire Pit, in Providence, R. I., for $200, between New Bedford and Providence, each showing five cocks, the weights of which had previously been given and agreed upon, and the party winning three battles out of the five, to win the main; though all the cocks were to be fought. "New Bedford" won the first, second, and fourth battles, and consequently, the main; Providence winning the third and fifth! All of the battles were well contested, and the cocks proved to be equal to any in the country for prowess and *game*.

An incident occured while the second battle was progressing, that looked at the time as if the days of sport would be, or had been speedily terminated; but such was not the fact, for it helped rather to increase, than diminish, the sport in the end. The incident to which I refer, is this. While the second battle was being quietly decided in the style usually resorted to by the feathered tribe in settling their disputes, they were interrupted by a large portion of the police force of the city rushing into the pit, headed by that wonderful Champion of Morality his Honor the Mayor, who immediately ordered the arrest of the handlers, who were grasped by some half-dozen of his satelites, one of whom was taken to the Station House; the other making good his escape.

The mayor ordered those who were quietly looking on to "disperse in the name of the Law," which order was speedily obeyed by the Law-abiding citizens then and there present; and, in making their exit as expeditiously as possible, *his honor* came very near being upset, and thereby become seriously injured by being trampled upon by his Law-abiding constituency who manifested such zeal in obeying his command; he was, however, rescued from his perilous situation without injury by the indefatigable exertions of his body-guard, who dropped their prisoners and marched boldly to his relief, for which daring act of bravery they will no doubt each of them receive from *his honor* a cloth medal made from the coat that was stolen from a gentleman of Connecticut, on that occasion, said coat hanging on a nail near the door, (*always providing that coat should be found by them.*) Suffice it to say, the house was immediately cleared; their being none to oppose *his honor* in his progress, he took possession of the premises, ordered the arrest of Dan Mace, and two or three more individuals who were standing about the door, and had them conveyed to the Station, while *his honor* locked up the premises, put the key in his pocket, and proceeded at once to search the statutes of the State of Rhode Island, and Providence plantations, to ascertain to what extent the dignity of the State had suffered by the aforesaid cock-fight, in order that all cocks then and there present might be held to answer, and the dignity of the State preserved.

The result of two hours' research among the Archives and musty law books was this: "It was ascertained that dunghills, (from the time Roger Williams first came up the Bay of Naragansett, from the Colony of Massachusetts,) had maintained their 'inalienable rights' to settle all disputes between their tribes by resorting to heels, (either natural or otherwise,) and thus settle their own affairs without interferance on the part of the powers that be." The Marshal was, consequently, advised that all the prisoners should be discharged, with the exception of Dan Mace, who should be held to answer in the sum of $300 for maintaining a nuisance, viz: a drinking saloon, grog shop, or place where liquor is *supposed* to be sold, contrary to the statutes and dignity of the State. Dan gave the required bail, the others were released, and the parties adjourned from the station-house to Orange street, and after the key to the pit had been obtained from the Mayor, *the fight was again resumed* in a peaceable and orderly manner, the result of which I have already given.

Heretofore, the greatest difficulty we have had to contend with, in fighting a main of cocks, was in securing a proper person for referee; but I think we shall have no more difficulty on that score, since "the power" has interested himself in this kind of amusement, and as he is well known as a fair and impartial man, and, withal, an aspirant to fame, why not tender him the office of referee in the next main that is to be fought? I have no doubt that he would acquit himself of this office with as much honor as any office he has ever filled. What say you, gentleman cockers, will you give him the office?

Yours truly, ABERDEEN.

MAIN—ALABAMA AGAINST GEORGIA.—There will be a main of cocks fought at Columbus, Georgia, commencing the 25th instant, and continue three days, between Alabama and Georgia. The conditions are: To show 21 cocks, between the weights of 4lbs. 8oz., and 6lbs. 4oz., fight for $100 on each fight, $1,000 the odd; fight by Turner's rules.

Also, a main is to come off at Selma, Alabama, between the same parties—same amount and conditions, and to commence on the last Monday in February, and to continue three days. The forfeit, $500, for the Columbus fight, is up, and $1000, forfeit for the Selma fight, is also up.

CANINE.

DOGOGRAPHY.—DISPUTED MATCH.—YOUNG BOUNCE VERSUS PADDY.—A match was made on the 12th Dec. last between Messrs. Lynch and Tallman, of Philadelphia, for a fight between their dogs Young Bounce and Paddy. The match has since given rise to a dispute between the parties, in which each charges the other with a violation of the articles of agreement, and for which violation each claims forfeit of the money down. The stakeholder, to whom the question was referred, declined to decide the question, and both parties agreed to submit the question in dispute to the Editor of the CLIPPER, and abide by his decision. The stakeholder, in accordance with directions, has forwarded to us the following copy of the articles of agreement by which the match was to be goverened; and also the statement of each of the interested parties. The following is the agreement:

ARTICLES AND RULES AND REGULATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, December 12, 1857.

MR. PATRICK LYNCH hereby agrees to fight his dog Young Bounce, 32½ pounds weight, against dog Paddy, named by George Tallman, 32¼ pounds weight, for $300 a side, at No. 49 Madison street, New York, on the 26th day of January, 1858. The dogs to be weighed at 6 o'clock, and fight at 8 o'clock in the evening. Give or take ¼ pound. The deposits to be made as hereinafter mentioned, to ——— (the final stakeholder,) namely, the first deposit of $50 a side at the making of the match; the second deposit of $100 a side on the 28th day of December, 8 o'clock in the evening; the third deposit of $100 a side on the 11th day of January, 1858; and the fourth deposit of $50 a side on the evening of weighing in New York, 49 Madison street.

Rule 1st. To be a fair scratch in turn fight.

Rule 2d. Both dogs to be tasted before and after fighting, if required.

Rule 3d. Both dogs to be shown fair to the scratch.

Rule 4th. Both seconds to deliver the dogs fair from the corner, and not leave until the dogs commence fighting.

Rule 5th. A time-keeper to be chosen in the pit; half minute time to be allowed between every fair go away; twenty-five seconds allowed for sponging; and at the expiration of that time the time-keeper shall call, make ready, and as soon as the half minute is expired the dogs to be delivered, and the dog refusing or stopping on the way, to be the loser.

Rule 6th. Should either second pick his dog up by mistake, he shall put it down immediately or the money to be forfeited.

Rule 7th. Should anything pernicious be found on either dog, before or after fighting in the pit, the backers of the dog so found, to forfeit, and the person or persons holding the battle-money to give it up immediately when called upon to do so.

Rule 8th. Two umpires and a referee to be chosen in the pit before fighting; in case the umpires should not agree, the decision of the referee to be final.

Rule 9th. Either dog exceeding the stipulated weight, on the day of weighing, to forfeit the money deposited.

Rule 10th. All deposits to be made between the hours of 8 and 10 o'clock at night.

The dogs are to be shown on the second deposit.

Signed, PATRICK LYNCH,
GEORGE L. TALLMAN,
THOS. CAMPBELL,
JOHN MCKEOWN.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 15th, 1858.

MR. FRANK QUEEN, ED. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* I made a match with my dog Young Bounce, against dog Paddy, with Geo. L. Tallman, for $300 a side, said match to be conducted by Geo. L. Tallman and myself; no outside interference whatever, which I can prove by the two witnesses that signed the articles of agreement. Said match was made the 12th of December, 1857, and was to come off on the 26th of Jan., 1858, in your city. The first deposit of $50 a side was put up on the night of making the match, the second deposit of $100 a side to be put up on the 28th of December, and dogs to be shown. On arriving at the place of meeting, I saw that Mr. Tallman was not there; and was also informed that he would not be there that night; I then said that I would not take any advantage of Mr. Tallman, at the same time leaving my money in the hands of the stakeholder. I also had my dog along, but told the man that had him in charge not to say to any one that he was the dog that was to fight, least Mr. Tallman should back out, knowing he was not there to see him. My friends then wanted me to claim the money, but I told them I would do nothing dishonorable; that I would see Mr. Tallman, and if he would not show his dog, that I would then claim the money. I went the next day to find him, but did not succeed; I left word with his friends that I wished to see him that night, and told them to tell him if he would not come forward by ten o'clock the next day and show his dog I would claim all the money up. I saw him next day with a few of his friends, when he told me that his dog was in the country, and that he could not be in at ten o'clock, but that it would be all right; so that I took it for granted that he intended to show dogs; we then had a drink, and I took him to a friend of mine who had Brian Borohime—Brian was dead; he then says to me, "Lynch, is this the dog you was going to fight against Paddy?" I said "no, he is living yet." He then says, "Lynch, the friends of Paddy are coming in from the country to-morrow, where he is training, and I will meet you at the corner of Broad and Wood streets, to-morrow, at one o'clock. I then thought he intended to show dogs. I went at the appointed time, and found Mr. Tallman there; but to my astenishment a man by the name of T. Thompson says, "I am very sorry, Lynch, that Brian died, and I claim the forfeit." I laughed at him, and said nothing. I then says to Tallman "what are you going to do? I want you to show dogs, and I will show mine, as I do not want your money without a fight." He says, "Lynch, I have nothing more to do with the match—you may consider me an outsider, for I am in now with Bug and Ben, and would have nothing more to do with this match." I then said "I would claim all the money up." He says, "go ahead." I then went with two others, that were witnesses, to the stakeholder, and told him that Mr. Tallman had backed out of the match and would not show his dog, and that I claimed the money. He said he would not give it to me; he would see Mr. Tallman. I saw Tallman afterwards, and he said he would see me at the stakeholder's on the night of the third deposit; we met, and I told Campbell that I would not put up any money, as I claimed the money that was up. Then Thompson, or Thomas, came forward and gave Campbell $100, and said if Lynch would not put up the same amount before ten o'clock, he would claim the money. Campbell then told him he could not give it, as it was between Tallman and Lynch. Now, Mr. Queen, do you consider has any outsider the right to make a claim when the man that made the match was present? I mean Tallman, and he would claim nothing. Then Mr. Thompson, seeing he was beat in this, insisted that Tallman should make a claim. Tallman then says to Campbell not to give the money up, for he was going to claim it, at the same time offering me $50. Now, do you suppose if he had a good claim that he would be willing to lose $50? I said then, and I say now, if he has a right to lose $50, he has a right to lose all there is ($300) up. If I have a right to $200, I certainly have to $300. I can also prove by the two gentlemen who signed their names as witnesses to the match, that I said distinctly that I would make no match, nor conduct the match with any other than Geo. L. Tallman, and you will see the articles of agreement, and you will find Mr. Tallman's name and mine, Lynch, signed by Thos. Campbell and John McKeown, the witnesses, and they can prove what I say is correct.

I can also prove that the dog Young Bounce, that I matched with Tallman to fight dog Paddy, on the 26th of January, is still alive; so it is for you now to judge, when you read both claims, who is right. I will willingly submit if I am wrong, but will not leave the field, as I intend to make a match of some kind, should I have the good luck to meet with gentlemen.

Mr. QUEEN, I proposed to Mr. Tallman, in the presence of the stakeholder that if Tallman would take his oath that he did not back out of the match, that he could have all the money, and there would be nothing more about it; but that he declined.

I remain your friend, PATRICK LYNCH.

CITY OF PHILADELPHIA, ss.—Personally appeared before me, the subscriber, one of the Aldermen in and for the City of Philadelphia, Patrick Lynch and James Kitchenman, who, being duly sworn according to law, doth depose and say that the dog Young Bounce, that was matched on the 12th December, A. D. 1857, with George L. Tallman's dog Paddy, to fight in New York on the 26th day of January, 1858, is yet alive; and they do further say, that on the first day of January, 1858, said George L. Tallman backed out of the above match, and said that he would have nothing to do with it, and that he might be considered now an outsider; and Patrick Lynch doth further swear that he told George L. Tallman at the time of signing articles that he would have nothing to do with any one but him, the said George L. Tallman, alone; and further deponents saith not.

PATRICK LYNCH.
JAMES KITCHENMAN.

Sworn and subscribed before me, this 15th day of January, A. D. 1858.
JOHN DULIN, Ald.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 16th, 1858.

DEAR FRANK—I now take the opportunity of addressing you a few lines in regard to a match between Young Bounce, owned by Patrick Lynch, and the dog Paddy, owned by Jonathan Roberts, which was to take place in your city on Tuesday, the 26th of January, at Mr. Harry Jennings' Sporting Saloon, No. 49 Madison street. In the first place, I named dog Paddy for a stake of $300 a side, give or take half a pound. The articles of agreement were drawn by me, and the final stakeholder was agreed upon. We all went down to the house of the stakeholder; Mr. T. Eliot and Pat Lynch put up the first $50 a side, with which Mr. Pat Lynch was content. On the next deposit, dogs were to be shown, and $100 a side were put up, and Pat Lynch was also satisfied. In a few days after the second deposit, Mr. Pat Lynch waited on me, and informed me that Young Bounce was dead, and if I would step up and see him he would show me the dog. Mr. Roberts (the owner of Paddy) and myself went up, and Mr. Roberts identified the dead dog as the same shown on Monday evening, Dec. 28th, at the final stakeholder's house. On the third deposit, the Paddy party put up another $100, but the Young Bounce party never put up a "brown," and when the hour arrived, 10 o'clock that evening, we claimed the forfeit. In the first place, it was particularly understood in case either dog should die, it was a forfeit, in the presence of the final stakeholder, and he was the gentleman who asked the question, and the parties were satisfied. In the second place, they neglected in putting up on the third deposit, and of course this was another forfeit, it is very plain; and if the dog Young Bounce had not been poisoned, it would have been a fight. But the dog I knew, and it was Brian Borohime which Mr. Pat Lynch bought from Dominick Bradley, and gave $50 for him. Yours most truly, GEO. L. TALLMAN;
10 and 12 Peg street, Philadelphia.

We have carefully read the above statements, articles of agreement, &c., and must confess that they are not quite as explicit as they might be. Mr. Lynch's statement leads us to infer that Mr. Tallman's dog was not shown on the appointed night, and that neither was his own. Mr. Lynch, it would seem, did not show his dog because Mr. Tallman was not present to see him, and claims forfeit because Tallman backed out of the match. With whatever arrangements may have been made verbally, between the parties, we have nothing to do—we must confine ourself, in deciding this dispute, to the articles of agreement signed by both men, and witnessed by Messrs. McKeown and Campbell. In the first place, then, were the dogs Young Bounce and Paddy shown on the night of the second deposit? If not, then the party failing to show, forfeits the money down. If both dogs were shown, then the party failing to make good the third deposit, forfeits. Mr. Lynch's claim to the forfeit because Mr. Tallman "backed out of the match," as he says, will not hold good as long as the agreement and deposits on the part of Paddy were fulfilled. It was not necessary for Mr. Tallman to be present, as long as he had a representative there who fulfilled all the conditions of the agreement, on his part. Mr. Tallman seems to have labored under the impression that Young Bounce was dead, but this is settled by the affidavit of Mr. Lynch that that dog is still alive. Our decision then, as we before stated, is as follows:—1. If Mr. Tallman's dog Paddy was shown on the night of the second deposit, according to the articles, by either Mr. T. or his representative, and Mr. Lynch's dog Young Bounce was *not* shown, then Mr. Tallman is entitled to the forfeit. 2. If Lynch's dog Young Bounce *was* shown, on the night appointed, either by Mr. Lynch or his representative, and Paddy was *not* shown, then Mr. Lynch is entitled to the forfeit. 3. If both dogs were shown, Mr. Lynch forfeits because he did not make good the third deposit. 4. If neither dog was shown, fairly and openly, by either Messrs. Lynch and Tallman, or their representatives, then neither has a claim to the forfeit, and the stakeholder must return to each man the amount of his stake, if they cannot mutually agree to continue the deposits, and allow the dogs to fight as first agreed upon.—EDITOR CLIPPER.

THE RECENT X IN THE CANINE PIT.—The following statement from Mr. Chaffers, in reference to the match between Messrs. Chaffers and Jennings, which disgraceful affair recently took place in this city, we have been requested to give a place in our columns. We do so, in order that the public may have an opportunity of judging who is most in fault:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* In your report of the late fight between my dog Jack and Harry Jennings's dog Jack, it is stated the "biter was bit." It is true; it was so. I beg to make a few remarks, and explain how the affair was:—Harry Jennings agreed to give me $125 for my dog, if I would lose, and a legal document was signed to that effect. Notwithstanding, I put my dog in good condition; but H. Jennings, to make sure of my dog being defeated, had a quantity of brandy given to my dog on the night of the fight; also, his own dog was rubbed over the head with cayenne pepper, quite sufficient to beat any dog. Of course Jennings felt sure of winning, and fill his own pockets, and deceive my friends; but the sequel proved different; so that the biter was bit, in reality. Perhaps the *lesson* may have the desired effect, and make him remember a maxim he does not practice, that "*honesty is the best policy.*" H. J. refuses to give me my share of the pit money, although he has repeatedly made promises to do so, if I would not expose the affair. Therefore, I caution any one who makes a match with him to be careful of his beguiling tongue, or they will be bested. I never received one cent, although I won the fight; but that I do not regret, for I have got my dog, and I am prepared to fight any 34 lb. dog in the States, for $200 a side, or as much more as they may say; the fight to take place in any pit (barring Jennings's). I am gratified to think that both myself and my dog only did our duty to the public. By inserting the above you will confer a favor on your subscriber, THOMAS CHAFFERS

P. S.—A deposit left with you for a match can be immediately covered.

SPORTING.—A grand handicap rat match will take place at Harry Jennings' Sportsman's Hall, 49 Madison street, on Wednesday evening, January 27, when a handsome silver goblet will be given to the dog that kills his rats in the shortest time, and the dogs to be fairly handicapped as follows:—Dogs not exceeding 12 pounds to kill 4 rats each; dogs not exceeding 16 pounds to kill 5 rats each; and dogs not exceeding 21 pounds to kill 6 rats each. The dog that kills his rats in the shortest time to be awarded a silver goblet. This handicap rat match is open to all dogs not exceeding 21 pounds. The bear Jenny Lind will also make her appearance, and six couple of dogs will be allowed to run at the bear, and the dog that shows the gamest will be awarded with a handsome London-made collar. H. J.'s Irish brush-tailed coon will be run at for a handsome collar, and the dog that draws it in the quickest time is to be awarded with the prize. Also his little dwarf dog Lion, only weighing 130 pounds, will have a sociable with any comer. There will be several interesting sets-to with the following dogs:—H. J.'s Major and a Brooklyn dog; Paul and Red Jack; Fly and Fanny; Lilley and Lassy; Tinker slut Fanny and a Brooklyn slut; Sullivan and Danger; Crib and Molineaux; Sambo and Spring; Tinker and a 32-pounder; Bull and Jack; Coach dog and Billey; Three-legged Billy and a 30-pounder. The silver goblet can be seen at the bar. Rats free. Doors open at half-past seven o'clock; to commence killing at eight. Admission, 25 cents.

CANINE SPORTING.—Jim McLaughlin will give a grand night's sport at 155 First avenue, on Thursday evening, the 28th of January. There will be two silver cups and a handsome collar to be run for on that evening. Plenty of rats, free of charge, for gentlemen to try their dogs. Peter the hound, and Prince the terrier, will kill 25 rats each on that night, against any two dogs in New York, for $10 or $20; the bear Jenny Lind, and Lopez, the Indian war dog, will wind up the sport of the evening. Jim returns his sincere thanks to the sporting gentlemen of New York for their liberal patronage during the past five years, and the only way he can return their compliments is by giving a grand night's sport that cannot be surpassed by any establishment of the kind in the United States. Don't forget, the 28th of January, at Jim McLaughlin's. Tickets only 25 cents.

CHALLENGE.—I, Johnny Collins, not feeling satisfied with the defeat of Harry Jennings's one eyed dog Jack, by Crack, will match him against Crack again, for $100 a side, at the same place and same weight. A match can be made by applying at John Collins's, 31 Hamilton street, N. Y.

SANDY AND JERRY.—The fight between McLaughlin's dog Sandy, and the Harlem dog Jerry, came off on Saturday evening, January 16th, at McLoughlin's, 155 First avenue. After a contest of 31 minutes, Jerry refused to scratch, and the fight was awarded to Sandy.

FIGHT IN CHICAGO.—A fight came off in Chicago, on the 7th instant, between Dick Callahan's dog Captain, formerly of Toronto, C. W., and Harry Hoapie's slut Gypsy, of Chicago, formerly owned by Terry Storey, of Albany, N. Y., for $100 a side, each weighing 30 lbs. The fight lasted 30 minutes, in which each scratched seven times in good style, but on the next turn the slut refused to scratch, and the Poodle, as they called him, was declared the winner to the satisfaction of all present. Captain was handled by P. Toony, formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y., and the slut was handled by Frank Nye, of Chicago.

FOUND AGAIN.—Harry Jennings is happy to inform us and the fancy at large that he is once more again in possession of his little imported dog Benney, alias Little Soldier, after the long absence of seven months; and returns his thanks to those *kind friends* that have taken so much pains in contributing their labor in keeping his dog in the country so well; and he is willing to pay them well for their trouble of borrowing him without leave, and sending him back when they pleased. Any reasonable expenses will be paid on application to Harry Jennings, 49 Madison street.

AN OPENING FOR THE CONNAUGHT LAD.—Hearing so much of the Lad since I have been in York, and knowing him to have been on the shelf so long, and no one seeming to fancy him, I feel anxious to see him fight once; providing Johnny McMahon will fight him for any reasonable amount of money, and give me a half pound for an aged and toothless dog, I will fight little Benney against the Lad for $100 a side. A match can be made by appiying at Harry Jennings's, or by forwarding a deposit to the CLIPPER office.

CONNECTION.—The match between John Gerkin's young dog Crib, and Jim Welch's Brooklyn dog Jim, will come off on Thursday evening, January 28th, 1858, instead of January 26th, at Harry Jennings's, 49 Madison street. The dogs are restricted to 33 lbs., instead of 23, as stated in our last. A good mill may be expected, as the reputation of the dogs is well known.

CHALLENGE TO PHILADELPHIA.—Hearing that some parties from Philadelphia were in New York wanting to match a 24 lb. dog, I, William Garrett, will fight my dog Rattler at 23¾ or 24 lbs. weight, for $200 or $300 a side, in four or five weeks from the first deposit, or against any other dog of the same weight. By sending $50 to the CLIPPER office, a match can be made and articles drawn up.

JERRY AND SLY.—A match was made at H. Gribbin's Metropolitan, Brooklyn, between Peter Fitz's slut Jenny, and Duffey's slut Sly, for $50 a side. Duffey's slut Sly to be 27 pounds, and Fitz's slut to be 28 pounds; to fight on the 17th of February, between eight and nine o'clock; the sluts to weigh at 12 o'clock on the day of fighting.

CHALLENGE.—I will fight my dog Ben, 29 or 29½—30 lbs., check, against the dog Bug, for $300 a side, to fight in New York or in Philadelphia. Yours truly, G. TALLMAN.

A RAT MATCH came off at the house of John Gledhill, No. 1231 Front street, above Franklin, Philadelphia, on Monday, 11th inst., for a splendid Collar. Seven dogs competed for the prize, which was won by Weaver's slut Rose, killing five rats in 23 seconds.

A RAT MATCH is to come off at the house of John Gledhill, No 1231 Front street, above Franklin, Philadelphia, on Monday, January 25th, for a splendid collar, for all dogs under 20 lbs., all dogs over 20 lbs. give rats for lbs. Rats always on hand.

THE RING.

DAVIS AND BROWN'S MATCH.—St. Louis, January 18th.—I noticed in your last issue a communication from Enoch Davis, stating that he would not be able to fight me inside of three months. My opinion is that Davis does not intend to fight at all, as I offered to go out two or three weeks before he was cut, and fight him for the money he forfeited to me, and afterwards sued for, which he would not consent to, although urged to do so by his backer. The above money I have since gained by law. In reference to our match, I went down to his house last Monday, the 11th, and offered to give him four months on the match, which he considered fair, and said he would go and see his backers, which he did, but found that he could not get the money, as he afterwards told Mr. Clexton. The money already in your hands I think had better be refunded, at least I speak for myself; as it does not seem to make much difference to Mr. Davis how long his remains, as he says he does not own it, and does not care how long it stays. Please send it in care of William Clexton, 108 South Fourth street, St. Louis, Missouri, and oblige yours truly, JAMES BROWN.

[Considering that the money has remained long enough in our hands, with no better prospect of a match now than on first receiving it, we have forwarded Mr. Brown his deposit, and will send Davis his as soon as we receive an order to that effect.—ED. CLIP.]

ROBERTS AND MONAGHAN.—Chicago, Jan. 9, 1858.—DEAR SIR.—Mr. Monaghan accuses me of not responding to Hart, which is false. I did respond; my letter was forwarded to Hart by you; he states that I challenged him after his fight with Hart; true I did so, but what were my reasons for so doing? Had he given the poor men that backed him all their money back, instead of keeping four hundred dollars out of the six hundred they fought for, he never would have to excuse himself by stating that business prevented him from fighting me, when it was backers he lacked, unless he backed himself with the money he won, which he had not the courage to do. He asked me to send two men to Cincinnati. What to do? To make a match with a man who talked so much of sueing for the money he lost with Hart in his second fight, &c., &c. I have no ambition to fight any such man, as I stated in my last. I would not go into training to fight. To stop any useless talk, I wish to inform Monaghan that I shall not go to Cincinnati expressly to fight him, but if ever we come together in any place I am his man before any other, on almost his own conditions. I should like to fight him above all other men, for I am satisfied I have fought better ones. By publishing the above you will much oblige

Yours, &c. JOHN ROBERTS.

A CHANCE FOR JOHN GOLDEN.—Allentown, Pa., Jan. 11, 1858.—If John Golden wishes to fight and show his friends what he can do in the ring, I will accommodate him for one hundred dollars a side, at catch weight, as it would not pay to go into training for so small a sum as $100. If a deposit is left at the CLIPPER office, I will assure him that the match will go on, and his abilities tried. The fight to come off in one month after the first deposit.

CON QUINN.

THE P. R. IN LOUISVILLE.—A correspondent sends us a report of a fight which took place recently in Louisville, between a couple of youths named Stebbins and Smith, for $100 a side. The former won in 14 rounds and 45 minutes.

FIRE ENGINE PLAYING.—Rockford, Illinois, January 11, 1858.—FRIEND QUEEN: In your valuable paper of January 9th, I noticed an article in regard to "Red Jacket Engine, No. 3," (paper says, No. 8,) of this place, which, your informant says, "drafted and discharged 600 barrels in 75 minutes." In the first place, she did not draft her own water. "Alexand Engine, No. 4," same size, supplied her drafting water from the river, forcing up a 40-foot bluff, and washing No. 3 repeatedly. Next day another tank was filled at the same place, (Female Seminary,) No. 3 drafted water and supplied No. 4; No. 3 worked 30 minutes, "tuckered out," took up, and went home. No. 4 then went to the river, drafted her own water, forcing through 1,000 feet 2-inch hose, up the 40-foot bluff, filling the tank, (600 barrels,) in one hour and 20 minutes, time in changing position included. Both engines are same size, piano style, 5-inch cylinder, 8-inch stroke, and each was manned on the occasion by 25 boys under 18 years of age. While No. 4 were taking up, a few of the ladies of the Seminary presented them with a broom.

The above is a true statement. I am a lover of sport, and like to see honor to whom honor is due.

Yours &c., THUMBSCREW.

I was a witness to the said trial, but did not think it worth while to note it in the CLIPPER; but seeing your informant's article with such an error, and there being so many persons here who take your paper, I thought it would be no more than proper to put the true statement in.

SPORTS! SPORTS!
Exercise! Exercise!! Exercise!!!
NEW YORK CLIPPER,
THE RECOGNIZED SPORTING JOURNAL OF AMERICA,
AND ADVOCATE OF PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS FOR THE PEOPLE.

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FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR,
No. 30 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1858.

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

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THE AMERICAN TURF:

ITS PRESENT CONDITION, AND SUGGESTIONS FOR INCREASING ITS PROSPERITY.

It is with feelings of regret that we perceive symptoms of decay in the prosperity of the American Turf in the Northern States. Those signs are too marked and obvious, even to the superficial observer, to be denied by those who are interested in the continuance of the present system of turf management. We appeal, therefore, to all who have the interest and prosperity of racing in this country at heart, to put their shoulders to the wheel, and assist us in our endeavors to remove those obstructions which impede its advancement, and infuse a more liberal spirit into those who have the control and management of racing affairs in this and the adjoining States. If we look at the past racing season in New York, we cannot but be convinced of the truth of the above assertion regarding the approaching decay of the prosperity of the turf. Two meetings, the Spring and Fall, were held on the Fashion Course, L. I. The attendance at the former meeting, when the flower of American thoroughbreds, Nicholas I. and Sue Washington, antagonists of old, met together to contest for the supremacy, evinced the deep-rooted love of racing in the American people, and proved that its dormant spirit only required the stimulus of genuine well contested races between good horses, to arouse it into active life. The Fall meeting on the same course was anticipated with the greatest interest, as the managers of the races had announced as *the great event*, the meeting of the champions of the Northern and Southern turf, to decide the mooted question of superiority, and revive again the memories of similar contests of the North against the South, when Eclipse and Henry, Boston and Fashion, and Fashion and Peytona, were matched against each other. In fact, still deeper interest was felt in this meeting, as, in addition to Charleston, the pride of the Southern, as Nicholas I. was of the Northern turf, Engineer, the representative and flower of Virginian thoroughbreds, was also entered to contest with them the palm of victory. The attendance to witness the race was declared to be greater than on any of the great occasions above alluded to, and the disappointment experienced was in proportion to the interest that had been excited, when it was announced that Charleston was lame, and would not start, thus depriving the race of all its interest. Be it remembered that although it was known a day or two before that the horse was amiss, and unable to run, yet the managers continued advertising the most flattering programme of the meeting, and never alluded in any form to the withdrawal of Charleston, thus designedly blinding the eyes of the public, and deceiving them with the promise of a contest which *they* were aware would not take place. By this course they made themselves accessory to, and responsible for, a good deal of roguery and rascality, as many parties who were in the secret of Charleston's accident made numerous heavy wagers in the city that Nicholas I. would beat the field; bets that were eagerly taken by those who knew the admirable racing and lasting qualities of the Southern horse, but were ignorant of his lameness. The mean and contemptible conduct of the parties who had the control of this meeting has done incalculable injury to the interests of the turf, by disgusting and disappointing the masses of people who attended it, and who were in plain terms defrauded out of the money paid for admission. The minor races that came off were too insignificant to require any comment, though even in them disappointments awaited those who were tempted to witness them.

Such has been the racing season in the North. In the South, it is more prosperous, because there the management is in the hands of gentlemen who seem to have the true interests of the turf at heart. But even there, the centre and real head-quarters of racing, the numerical smallness of the fields contesting any race, contrasts strikingly with the races in England, where twenty, thirty, and even forty* horses frequently start. How is it, then, that our transatlantic brethren are so ahead of us in this respect? Simply because the custom of handicap races is prevalent among them, and in a handicap every horse has a chance of winning. At first sight the system of handicapping, by which good horses are reduced, by the infliction of extra weight, to the level of inferior animals, may appear unfair and unjust. But in reality its effects are beneficial, as it tends to produce larger fields, and keeps a great number of horses in training, which would never be worth the expense of so doing if there were only weight-for-age races to contend for. The system, therefore, while it endeavors to equalize the horses entered in a handicap race, by the graduating scale of weights imposed on them, according to their relative merits, does not in reality give any advantage to bad horses over others of proved and acknowledged merit, unless the handicapper has either been deceived by the previous performances of an animal, or has been influenced by feelings of partiality; the latter of which is rarely the case. On the English turf we find some of the very best horses, that have won the great weight-for-age races, have also been successful in handicaps, carrying the highest weights. Voltigeur, in 1852, won the Flying Dutchman's Handicap at York, carrying 125 lbs., and giving 33 lbs. and a year to Haricot, who ran second. Rataplan, with 122 lbs., won the Somersetshire Handicap, and, with 129 lbs., won the Manchester Gold Cup in 1854. Virago, the winner of the Goodwood, Warwick, and Doncaster Cups in 1854, also carried off the same year the City and Suburban, and Great Metropolitan Handicaps at Epsom, and the Great Northern and Flying Dutchman's Handicaps at York. Kingston, Fisherman, and a host of others might be named, who, with the top weights, have carried off handicap races, as well as proved their abilities in weight-for-age races.

If the system, therefore, has worked so well and so efficiently in England, why should we not try it in America? We firmly believe the effect will be to increase the number of horses starting for a race, and thus augment the interest felt in the contest, and also afford a relief from the usual routine of weight-for-age races, where, in so many instances, one superior horse will carry off so many prizes by frightening away all competitors. It will tend to foster and encourage a love of horse racing among our people, and by affording them opportunities of relaxation and holiday enjoyment, promote their physical and indirectly their moral well being. It will also exert a good influence, by causing more attention to be paid to improvement in the breeding and rearing of the noble animal.

We therefore hail with satisfaction the attempt now being made by a gentleman in Petersburgh, Va., to establish a handicap sweepstakes for all ages, at the Spring meeting at that place, to be called "The Allen Plate." The conditions are as follows: subscription, $200; forfeit, $100; if declared before 1st March, $50; two and a half miles. Value of plate, $1,500; the second horse to receive $200 out of the stake, and the winner to pay $250, to be appropriated to a similar plate and race for 1859. The handicappers to be appointed by the Newmarket Jockey Club; the weights to be announced on the 15th March, and acceptances declared by 1st April. We trust that this will be the commencement of handicap races in this country, and shall be glad to see them adopted on the Fashion Course the ensuing season.

* In the race for the Chester Cup in 1852, won by Joe Miller, forty-three horses started.

BILLIARDS.

The recent match played at Philadelphia between Messrs. Phelan and Benjamin seems to have created quite a *furore* in billiard circles: the friends of the former, as might be expected, feeling overjoyed at the success of their champion, while on the other side, there seems to be an opinion that said match did not give a fair criterion of Mr. Benjamin's abilities as a Knight of the cue, and also that Mr. Phelan was indebted, in a great measure, to good luck, rather than good play, for his untoward success. As opinions, however, usually fail to prove anything, we should think that the better course to pursue would be, to play another match for a reasonable amount, and let it be played in New York, so that persons who are admirers of the game in this section, may have an opportunity of judging for themselves which is the *superior player*; that question, it appears, having been left unsettled by the late match, and to decide which, it will of course be necessary that neither party shall give odds, for, by the receiving of odds, the one accepting acknowledges the superiority of his opponent, beforehand, considering a resort to the cue altogether unnecessary to decide the question. The following card from Mr. Benjamin has been issued since the match:

A CARD.

For the benefit of my friends, I would state that I do not yet consider myself beaten. Although I have lost this match, I am considerably ahead of Mr. Phelan in money that he lost on the former trial between us.

What I wish now is, for Mr. Phelan to put up $1000 against $1000 of mine, and play a few games for, say $50 or $100 a game, and thus decide this question, which is the best player? I wish it understood that each have the liberty of stopping when he pleases.

RALPH BENJAMIN.

It will here be seen that Mr. B. is anxious for another bout, for the avowed object of deciding *which is the best player*. Whether, or in what way, Mr. Phelan intends responding, we know not. However, if it is to be played, we have one or two suggestions to make. First, as they are both residents of New York, that it be played here. Second, that the game be the American four ball carom, without odds being given on either side. Third, that it be played in a room sufficiently large to throw open to the public, so that the matter may be settled beyond controversy, and decide without a doubt which is the best player. There is no city in the world where the game is patronized to such an extent as in New York; hence our reasons for suggesting that it be played here; and, as each party has many friends resident in this city and environs, we think that out of courtesy they might at least give them a chance of witnessing their skill on such an occasion. We are also of opinion that the four ball carom game, the one with which the majority are most conversant, should be played, as it affords plenty of opportunities for the player to display his skill, while at the same time it affords more pleasure to the looker on, and also because it may almost be considered our national game. The honors to be won by the successful competitor may be considered also as somewhat national, hence our opinion that no game would be so *apropos* as the one suggested by us. A match of this description would be very popular, and would do much good for the cause of which these gentlemen appear to be the champions, and it will give us much pleasure to be able to announce that such a match is to take place at an early date.

SPORTS IN CALIFORNIA.

FRED JOHNSON AND GLENCOE CHIEF IN THREE MILE HEATS.

THE match race for $2000, between Fred. Johnson, pacer, to wagon, and Glencoe Chief, trotter, hitched in a sulkey, three miles and repeat, was finally decided on Tuesday, 8th Dec., over the Pioneer Course, San Francisco. The odds were largely in favor of the pacer, 100 to 40 being freely offered, which after the first mile on the first heat declined to 30, with few, if any takers. There was very little betting beyond a small amount. The horses came up well, and got the word for the

First heat.—The poll was awarded to Fred Johnson. At the word "go," Fred began to show his "foot," and opened a short gap to the quarter, going easy, Glencoe trotting along handsomely a little behind. They went in this manner close together to the "back stretch" when Glencoe, increasing his speed broke, and continued dancing for a short time, the pacer gradually widening the distance. As soon as the "trotter" got to his work again he began to lessen the "gap," but Johnson's jockey shook out a "link" and he left him in the rear again. Fred Johnson, rounding into the home stretch, came up and crossed the score in 2:45, Glencoe following several lengths behind, and breaking as he passed the judges' stand. The second mile the pacer again led in 2:42, and also on the third in 2:42, winning the heat in hand.

Second Heat.—In this heat, as in the former, Fred Johnson maintained the lead from the start, going the entire distance without a skip. Glencoe Chief, however, showed himself a game horse throughout, but he was evidently over matched in this race. His jockey handled him admirably. The first mile was made in 2:39; the second in 2:42; and the third in 2:38. Fred Johnson winning the heat and race with ease. Summary:

Pioneer Course, Tuesday, Dec. 8th—Match for $1000 a side, h. ft.; three miles and repeat.

J. Daniel.' g g Fred Johnson (pacer) to wagon	1 1
J. Crook's g g Glencoe Chief (trotter) in harness	2 2

Time, 8:09; 7:59.

FIELD SPORTS AT NEVADA.

The long talked of race, says the Nevada Journal, between Mr. Lancaster's horse Prince, and Mr. J. H. Helm's George, came off at the Union Race Course, Nevada, Wednesday, 2d December.

UNION COURSE, Nevada, Dec. 2d, 1857.—Running match for $1000; distance 300 yards; catch weights.

Mr. Helm's bk h George	1
Mr. Lancaster's b h Prince	2

Won by eight feet.

NOVEL RACE.—The above race was followed by a match between a well known citizen and a mule, which created no little amusement. Distance, 50 yards and back. Stakes, $30. Citizen arrived at the turning point considerably ahead of the mule, but checking up too suddenly fell across the line. Mule shared the same mishap a moment after, which gave Citizen a decided advantage, winning the race by twenty yards.

FOOT RACE.—A fifty dollar race came off between Forbes, a celebrated runner, who came in disguise, and another whose name we were unable to learn. The race was a capping affair, and ended as might have been expected.

RACING IN MERCED—UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT, AND AN ATTEMPT AT MURDER.

A correspondent of the Stockton Daily Argus, writing from La Grange in regard to the race which came off at Snelling's Ranch, Merced county, on the 5th inst., says:

The match was between a horse owned in Mariposa, and another belonging to a party on the Merced; and the amount of stake was 20,000 lbs. of barley, considered in value at $1,000. The race was won by the Mariposa horse. A large number of persons were present from all parts of the county, and a considerable of a sporting delegation from Mariposa. Mr. Snelling was shot while coming from the dining-room by a man named Edwards, who succeeded in making his escape, and has not yet been arrested. The greater part of the crowd lingered around the track until aftar dark, up to which time the most reckless kind of "scrub racing" was carried on, resulting in the death of a man whose name we have not been able to learn. It appears that in the race, two horses came into collision, killing one of the riders instantly, and seriously injuring the other. The horses were ruined. The race occurred after dark.

THE MATCH AND STAKE RACE FOR $2,600.

THE trotting match, for a purse and stake of $2 600—between the Sacramento horse Jim Barton, and New York, Glencoe Chief, and Rhode Island of this city, in harness—mile heats, best three in five, was commenced on Thursday, Dec. 17, over the Pioneer Course. There were upwards of twelve hundred persons in attendance to witness the race. There was no great amount of betting going on—but what there was, Jim Barton appeared to be decidedly the favorite—at slight odds. Five, and even ten to one, was offered that he would not win the first heat, which were freely taken.

The horses, commenced scoring at 1 o'clock. New York was awarded the inside; Glencoe Chief, second; Rhode Island, third; and Barton, outside. They came up handsomely in their respective positions for the

First Heat, and made play from the word "go." Jim Barton, with his long stride, then began to show his mettle and gradually drew ahead, until rounding into the first turn, when he took the inside and maintained it; New York and Rhode Island lapped together about two lengths behind, and Glencoe slightly in the rear. They kept this position to the half, when the latter shook out a link, passed New York and Rhode Island, who were both "up" and was pushing into the home stretch after Barton, when he broke, and was passed in turn by New York and Rhode Island. Barton in the meantime, was leading some four lengths, and came in beautifully in hand in the quick time of 2:32½; New York second, and Glencoe last.

Second Heat.—Glencoe obtained the lead in this heat, closely followed by Jim Barton, Rhode Island outside, and New York trailing, waiting for an opening. They hung together, thus to the quarter, when Barton broke; his driver, however, immediately caught him to his trot again, when Glencoe and him lapped to the half in 1:15—Rhode Island and New York still in the rear. On the last turn they came up all in a "bunch" so closely was the heat contested. The drivers of New York and Glencoe, now urged their horses for the heat, and by great exertion managed to obtain the lead, both head and head. Rhode Island in between about a neck in the rear, and Barton crowded out behind. On they came at a swinging gate to score, Rhode Island breaking and New York and Glencoe crossing it neck and neck, in a dead heat, in 2:35. The judges pronounced it such, and gave Barton a placement as third, on account of the foul driving of Rhode Island.

Third Heat.—They got off this time after several false starts, all together, Barton holding the lead to the quarter, where he went up dancing. New York passed him and kept ahead to the half, in 1:15. Glencoe Chief and Rhode Island lapped two lengths behind, Barton falling off again in the rear. As they swung into the home stretch, it was a beautiful race, so close were they together. Barton, who was fast gaining ground, broke on the turn and fell off somewhat; he quickly caught his gait, and they all came up in a cluster at headlong speed; New York and Rhode Island slightly in advance. Just before crossing the score, New York swerved from his position, which lost him the heat, the judges awarding it to Rhode Island, in 2:35.

Fourth Heat.—It is unnecessary to particularize this heat, the horses keeping together like two match teams almost the entire distance around. Glencoe Chief led, lapped by Rhode Island and New York, and Jim Barton trailing behind. The half mile was passed in 1:17. Barton broke on the home stretch, and Rhode Island passed the judges' stand in 2:36. Barton second, and New York third. It was now twilight and the race had not yet terminated.

Fifth Heat.—At the start, Glencoe and New York went lapped together, followed by Barton and Rhode Island; they maintained this position to the half, in 1:16½, when Barton and New York were both thrown "off their feet." The latter got to work in rapid style, and on the home stretch successively passed Rhode Island and the "Chief," and then Barton, who had the lead, and the Pioneer trotter dashed past the score amid the shouts of the crowd, the winner of a heat in 2:35.

It was fast growing dark by this time, and the judges postponed the conclusion of the race until the next day (Friday) at one o'clock.

THE MATCH RESUMED.—Friday the match was concluded, and beyond the expectations of many, in favor of New York, who showed himself remarkably game and possessed of great powers of endurance. One heat would have decided the race in favor of Rhode Island, New York and Jim Barton each having two more to go. There was another large crowd of persons present to witness the wind up. Mr. Daniels, the proprietor of the track, with his accustomed liberality admitted all who chose to attend on this day free of charge. There were only two more heats gone, New York winning them both in a dashing manner, closely lapped by Jim Barton each time, on passing the stand. The driver of Rhode Island on the last heat was thrown out of his sulkey on the back stretch and his horse run away, coming in on the home stretch on a full jump, where he was secured. This accident shut out whatever chance he had for the race. His driver received a few bruises, but was not seriously injured. The following is the result:

Pioneer Course, Thursday, December 17th, and Friday, 18th, 1857.—Purse and stake of $2,600, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, to rule.

New York b. g	2	†	4	3	1	1	1
Rhode Island s. g	3	4	1	1	4	3	3
Jim Barton b. g	1	3	2	2	2	2	2
Glencoe Chief g. g	4	†	3	4	3	3	ro

Time, 2:32½; 2:35; 2:35; 2:36; 2:35; 2:32½; 2:35.

The race throughout was the best contested one that has ever taken place in California.

THE TURF AT LOS ANGELES.

A NEW race track, a mile round, is being constructed at Los Angeles by Mr. J. H. Helm of that place.

THIRTY-MILE RACE IN TEHAMA.

A thirty-mile race came off at Tehama, Saturday, December 5th, between two "roadsters," to buggies driven by their owners, who are citizens of that place. The Advocate says:

The horses started at 2 P. M. for their long journey, "thirty times round" a mile track. They are a pair of good-looking animals—whitey driven by V. and the sorrel by B. At the send off it was evident that whitey had the *foot* of his antagonist, though he trailed for the first mile, passing easily on the home stretch, and opening a tremendous gap on the second, passing the judges' stand on a 3½ lick. Whitey now came down to a comfortable traveling gait, held and admirably managed by his careful driver. His game now being to either travel very slow on the inside, if trailed, and if crowded by the sorrel, only fast enough to keep his antagonist in the heavy track on the outside. Fears were entertained of whitey's bottom, but his condition and management, at the end of fifteen miles, cleared up all doubts as to his capacity, and on the 27th mile the sorrel was drawn, and the stakes given to whitey.

PACING AT SACRAMENTO.

CENTREVILLE COURSE, Saturday, December 5, 1857.—Pacing Match for ——, two miles and repeat, in harness.

Mr. ——'s Silk Stocking	1 1
Mr. ——'s Billy Button	2 2

Time, 6:22; 6:30.

CALIFORNIA QUAIL.—The fecundity of the California Quail, classically called *Perdix Californica*, is very remarkable. A lady of San Francisco, has one of these birds, which has laid, during the past summer, *the astonishing number of seventy-nine eggs*. There are two species of this bird in our State. The two kinds never mix or occupy the same locality. The mountain quail come as low down as the Nevada road, though never lower. From this line down to the Plains, quail bear the name of "common quail," as much as the "mountain quail" above. The lower quail are most numerous and the most gregarious. Territorial division is the more or less observable with other California birds; the magpie is never seen above a line drawn through Gold Hill; after reaching the Plains, they are found in large flocks.

TO PREVENT "CLICKING" AND INCREASE THE SPEED.—A blacksmith, writing to the New England Farmer, about shoeing over-reaching horses, talks thus:

"My way is, to make the toe-corks very low and standing a little under, and the shoes set as far back as convenient on the forward feet, with high-heel cork, so as to let them roll over as soon as possible. On the hind feet I have the heel-cork low, and the toe-cork high, projecting forward, thus keeping back the hind foot, while coming up over a high toe-cork, giving time to the forward foot to get out of the way. If thus shod, the horse will travel clean, without a click, and his speed will be increased, on a trot, fifteen or twenty seconds in a mile."

DEEPEST WELL IN THE WORLD.—The Louisville (Kentucky) Courier says the artesian well of the Messrs. Dupont, of that city, has now reached the depth of 1,900 feet. It adds: "This is the deepest well now known to us in the world. The next depth is the well at Grenelle, near Paris, which is 1300 feet. Louisville has, therefore, the deepest well in the world, and the tallest steeple in the United States, the cross on the St. Louis Cathedral being 286 feet high, while the summit of Trinity, New York, is only 264 feet."

SPEED ON THE ENGLISH RAILWAYS.—The trains on the Great Northern Railway, between London and Manchester, 204 miles, perform the distance in five hours, making about 40 miles per hour, including stoppages. From London to Sheffield, the speed is 48 miles per hour. The speed of the express train to York, since 1842, is 49 miles. The speed of the express trains between London and Birmingham, on the Great Western, is, inclusive of stoppages, 48 miles.

TRUTHFUL TO THE LAST.—Mr. Holt, of Guildford, N. H., went out into the lots the other day to kill his dog. He struck the animal a terrible blow on the head with a club, and then fell dead himself from a sudden attack of heart disease. The faithful dog, badly wounded, watched by the dead body until the friends of the man, missing him, searched it out.

RAISSING CANARIES.—"Are those pure canaries?" asked a gentleman of a bird-fancier with whom he was negotiating for a pair. "Yes sir," said the dealer, confidentially, "I raised them 'ere birds from this very canary seed."

THE GAME FOWL.

NUMBER ONE.

To those who regard the Jungle fowl of India as the common ancestor of all our domesticated cocks and hens, the Game fowl naturally suggests itself as the first link in the genealogical chain. Some of our best breeders, indeed, would derive our Black-breasted Red birds from what is commonly called the Bengal Jungle fowl, while the distinction of a separate descent is claimed for the Duck-wing from another variety of the wild bird, *Gallus Sonneratii*, an inhabitant of Southern India, whose more varied plumage bears a very close resemblance to this beautiful variety.

But inquiries of this kind, though in every way interesting, we must leave to the Naturalist. To avoid the possibility of confusion from our use of the term Indian Game fowls, let us state that by that expression we are not to be understood as pronouncing any opinion as to whether these birds are descendants or crosses from the wild inhabitant of the jungle; but simply as alluding to that variety of the domesticated Game fowl, which in India, as in other countries, has acquired that designation from its fearless character and proved courage.

Our present task is with the English Game fowl. He has long held a post of high honor, and in some instances pedigrees and stud-books, running back over a period of 60 and 100 years, testify to his unstained descent from birds of note and fame in other places than the poultry-yard. The jealousy and vigilance with which the most successful strains were then watched; the reported secrets of the feeders; and the general favor with which, in days gone by, their ardent temperament and high courage were regarded, have all contributed to confer a degree of interest upon this family of fowls which has probably been shared by none besides.

Not only, however, have they been very generally kept for those purposes to which their pugnacity has destined them, but many farmers and cottagers have long regarded them with a favorable eye merely as poultry.

CHARACTERISTICS.

Whatever the color of the Game fowl there is a generally recognized standard for its form and figure, to whichever of the varieties it may belong.

The following would be the points by which we should regulate our choice:—The head of the Game *cock* should be thin and long, like that of a greyhound; face bright red; beak massy at the root, strong and curved; eyes large and sparkling; neck long and full; breast broad and well developed; back short, and flat between the shoulders; body tapering towards the tail; wings inclined to expand and cover the thighs, somewhat after the manner of a bantam; thighs short and muscular; shank or beam of the leg powerful, and long in proportion to the thigh; legs well forward with a clean flat foot and strong claws. When placed on his breast on the palm of the hand he should be evenly balanced. In condition he should exhibit both closeness and hardness of feather, while his carriage is erect, evincing boldness and self-confidence.

The proportions of the *hen* will, of course, exhibit certain feminine reductions from her consort's figure; but the clean and finely-formed neck and head, the latter surmounted by a small upright comb, together with a neat figure, and muscular formation of the leg and thigh, and of a general elasticity of limb, must always be apparent.

In speaking of the Spanish fowl, we took the comb as a main characteristic of that breed; here, at least in the male bird, it so generally disappears, that ardent admirers of this bird might be inclined to regard it rather as an accident than a property.

The spur should be placed low on the leg, its power as a weapon being thereby greatly increased; but the force of the blow is aided by a rapid driving stroke of the wing.

When we approach the question of color our task becomes more intricate, since, from the anxiety to avoid any deterioration either in figure or courage, crosses have been constantly resorted to. But these intermarriages not having been always regulated with sufficient judgement, so as to retain the peculiar points and colors of the different varieties, a multiplicity of sub varieties present themselves to our notice, many of which are still further complicated by the use of synonymes of merely local authority.

On this point let us quote Mr. Andrews of Dorchester: "With respect to the various colors, I feel satisfied that in different localities some of the intermediate, although one and the same, are differently named; for instance, the birds I have seen at Birmingham, called '*piles*,' in Somersetshire are termed '*blues*;' and this arose from the hackle being of a blue and smoky tint. I have seen blacks, whites, blues, grays, cuckoos, black-breasted, and other *reds;* and from these standard colors do I believe that the others have been derived."

SUB-VARIETIES.

The following arrangement, which has the sanction of several most competent judges, appears to us most suited for unravelling this confusion:

1. BLACK-BREASTED REDS.
   - With white legs (Lord Derby's Breed).
   - With yellow legs.
   - With olive legs.
   - With blue legs.
   - With dark legs.
2. BROWN-BREASTED REDS, sometimes called GINGERS.
   - Streaky-breasted Reds.
   - Muffs and Tassels.
3. DUCKWINGS, Black, Gray, or Streaky-breasted.
4. BLACKS:—Brassy-winged.—Furness, Polecats.
5. PILES.
   - Worcestershire, Staffordshire, and Cheshire.
6. BLUES or GRAYS.
   - Blue dun.
   - Red dun.
   - Cuckoos.
7. BIRCHER-YELLOW.
8. HEN COCKS or HENNIES.
9. WHITE.
10. INDIAN.

First on our list, then, come the *Black breasted Reds;* and of these precedence is there given to the variety of them known as "Lord Derby's." These have been kept at Knowsley for upwards of one hundred years, and, from the care with which all crosses have been managed, they still maintain their high reputation. To Mr. Roscoe, their hereditary guardian, must we refer for a description of the male birds:

"They are of a good round shape, well put together; have a fine long head; daw eyes; long and strong neck; hackle well feathered, touching the shoulder; wings large and well quilled; back short; belly round and black; tail long and sickled, being well tufted at the root; thigh short and stiff; legs rather long, with white feet and nails, the latter being free from all coarseness."

The required "daw eye," we should observe, is that which resembles the gray eye of a jackdaw. Their distinctive features are the white beak, feet, and claws, essential to every bird claiming descent from this illustrious stock.

The colors of the "Derby Red" should be as follows: *Cock.* Face bright red; breast and thighs coal-black; hackle and saddle-feathers bright orange-red; back intense brown-red, a depth of color that painters would term dragon's blood; lesser wing-coverts and point of wing deep maroon; greater wing-coverts marked at the extremity with steel-blue, forming a bar across the wing; primary wing-feathers bay; tail iridescent black. It seems a peculiarity in these fowls, that one at least of the pinion feathers is marked with white. Mr. Grenfell assures us that he is thus enabled to distinguish the sex of the chickens when only a few weeks old. Beak, legs, and feet white.

Throughout the whole catalogue of game fowls, the male birds are by far the most conspicuous in plumage; and wherever mere color has given the name to a class, the markings of the cock explain the reason. The Black-breasted Red hens, for instance, possess little of their consort's brilliancy of feather, though these are of much lighter colors than the red-breasted hen—a fact in strange opposition to the plumage of the respective male birds.

The *hen* we now describe was selected from the Knowsley stock:—Head fine and tapering; face, wattle, and comb bright red; extremities of upper mandible and the greater portion of the lower one white, but dusky at its base and around the nostril; chesnut-brown around the eye, continued beneath the throat; shaft of neck hackle light buff; web pale brown, edged with black; breast shaded with roan and fawn color; belly and vent of an ash tint; back and wing-coverts partridge-colored; primary wing feathers and tail black, the latter carried vertically and widely expanded; legs, feet, and nails perfectly white.

The following are the measurements of two of Captain Hornby's Black-breasted Reds:

	Cock 2 years old. Inches.	Hen 2 years old. Inches.
Length of beak	⅞	⅝
Length of neck	6¾	4¾
Length from neck to rump	11¾	7
Length of thigh	6¾	5
Length of shank	4¾	3¾
Girth over wings before legs	19	14¾
Girth over wings behind legs	16	13¾
Girth of neck, lowest part	7¾	10
Girth of neck by the head	4¾	4¼
Girth of back part of thigh	5¾	6¾
Girth of shank	1¾	1¾
Breadth across wings	7¾	6¾
	lbs. oz.	lbs. oz.
Weight	6 1	4 7

In addition to the Knowsley breed, we have the *Worcestershire Black-breasted Reds*, thus described by Mr. Wilson, of Redditch, a most successful exhibitor of this variety, which has now been in his possession for twenty-five years:

"With the black breast we have a very bright-red plumage, olive-colored legs, and beaks inclining to the same tint; in shape of body very round, with bright hazel eyes; varying in weight from 4 lbs. 4 oz. up to 5 lbs. 8 oz."

Black-breasted Reds are, indeed, found with white, olive, yellow, blue, and dark legs. With the yellow-legged birds we usually find the same tint on the hackle, and a brighter color prevailing throughout the plumage. They stand very high in the estimation of many celebrated breeders.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SINGULAR SPORTING FEAT.

SOME years since, Cambridge presented an extraordinary scene of merriment and bustle, owing to a report having circulated throughout the University and its vicinity of a singular wager intended to take place on a given day. The rumor was not, as will be seen, without foundation. Hogarth himself, with all his ingenuity, could not have pencilled the mixed expression of hilarity and amazement so visibly depicted in the countenances of all assembled, at discovering the hero of their approaching amusement in the person of our much revered and admired Prelate, Dr. ——. It appears that the Dr. (a man of much eccentricity of manners) has always been greatly attached to the junior members of the University, but particularly so to those men who form the body of the College of which he himself is a member; so much so, that a favor asked of him by them seldom or never met with a refusal. Such worthy conduct on the part of the Doctor, and as such received on the part of his collegians, seems, by its frequency, to have finally been the occasion of the event which took place. A few days preceding the occurrence, the Senior Under Graduate received express from J. Goddard, Esq., of Maida Hall, (formerly a member of this University,) the important wager, which was to the following effect:—"J. Goddard, of Maida Hall, in the Isle of Ely, will stake his £500 to the £250 of any one member of Peterhouse, that he the said member, cannot, with all his influence with that extraordinary personage, Dr. ——, prevail upon him to undertake the following interesting feat, viz.: to ride from St. Mary's Church, Cambridge, to the village of Melbourne, which is eight miles on the London road, upon man-back, in the space of two hours, allowing him a fresh man every half mile, selected from any county, and stationed on the road for that purpose." This proposal was, on its receipt from a person of so great celebrity as Mr. Goddard, instantly laid before the Doctor himself, who, on his perusal, with its usual good humor and familiarity, and overjoyed probably with so excellent an opportunity afforded him of publicly displaying it, on the instant accepted it, proposing the Saturday following for its performance; at the same time, word was sent to Mr. Goddard to that effect. This ready acceptation of course put the Under-Graduate, who was the cause of it, in no small glee, as he pockets the cash upon the occasion. The morning arrived. As St. Mary's clock chimed the hour of eight, the Doctor, in his puff wig and clerical hat, not unlike the famed Dr. Syntax, in features, figure and deportment, appeared in front of the Senate House, amid the deafening acclamations of a crowded populace, bowing in his familiar manner to those friends and acquaintances who recognized him. He quickly mounted his Rosinante, not the four-legged one, but one of superior flesh and blood—no other than Ned Nicholls, the celebrated muscular Huntingdonshire youth, who with so spare a burden on his back as our modern Quixote, started off at slapping pace. As the crowd which followed was so numerous and noisy, we would not follow, but contented ourself with what we had witnessed, and with calmly awaiting the news of the result, momentarily expected by express. At five minutes past eleven the Doctor arrived home in a yellow post chaise, saluted by strenuous cheers on all sides, expressive of his arduous performance, which was, as anticipated, crowned with victory—it was a hard go though—only half a minute to spare. The last man (Sam Gill) upon whom he rode, on arriving near the spot of destination, fell with the Doctor, and broke his (Gill's) nose. This was the only accident that occurred during the feat. The sixteen men (all powerful youths) had, on their return to Cambridge, a rare jollification at the Bull. The Doctor was chaired round the quadrangle, and Peterhouse illuminated in the evening. The Earl of Hardwicke was on the ground.

CURIOUS SHOT.

A FEW days ago, a thorough townsman, of retired habits, and whose sedentaay occupations scarcely ever permit of his leaving town, resolved to set out on a shooting excursion. Having taken the field alone, he met with a hare, and discharged one barrel at her, but puss, more alarmed than hurt, scampered off in the direction of a stackyard. The happy sportsman then made for the yard, supposing she had received his shot, and had gone there for shelter. In the meantime he had lost sight of his dog, which had been off on another scent, but on examining the stackyard by himself, he heard a fistling in the kiln of a pea stack, and imagining the game was there, he fired off the other barrel by chance, but to his utter amazement, instead of pussy, he found the object of his shot was a young pig! Poor piggy, mortally wounded, escaped from the kiln, and her dreadful screams, along with the report of the gun, attracted the farmer. The honest sportsman candidly confessed what had happened, implored pardon, and stated that he would make due reparation. The farmer, thankful that his stackyard had not been set on fire, with a degree of forbearance and liberality which was hardly to have been expected, would hear of no reparation, but insisted, that as he had been disappointed of his game, he should bag piggy. The affair having been settled on these terms, the sportsman reflecting on what had happened, hinted that he would not likely again betake himself to arms, but returned to town with a good show of game; and it may be inferred, that upon the whole he was satisfied that piggy was no bad substitute for pussy.

NOT a thousand miles from Oneida a coroner's jury lately rendered a verdict that a certain diseased "came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

THE RACE HORSE.

BY STONEHENGE.

NUMBER THREE.

TRAINING OF THE TWO-YEAR-OLD COLT.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.—A dose of physic will generally be necessary as soon as the breaking is over, and very often it may be required during its progress; but by the occasional use of a bran-mash, and by giving a little green food with the hay, in most cases there will be no necessity for its employment while the breaking is going on, and while the quantity of corn is kept purposely below the usual amount. As soon, however, as the breaker thinks he dare do so, the corn is increased to the usual quantity, and then a dose of physic, preceded as usual by two bran-mashes, will prevent that feverish condition which so often comes on after breaking, when the restraints of the stable are substituted for the freedom of the fields. The trainer will, of course, be guided as to the strength and frequency of his physic by the constitution and state of health of his colt, and will only exhibit it when necessary; though, it should be borne in mind, that there is always a tendency to inflammation, and especially of the eyes, in these highly-fed animals, and that the occasional use of physic is on that account more desirable than it would otherwise be. There is no doubt that all this might be avoided by giving them less corn, but then they would not be so well fitted for the purposes of racing, and therefore it is used with the full knowledge of its attendant evils. The next task for the trainer is to teach the young idea how to gallop to the best advantage, and in the best form, previously to producing that condition which shall enable his charge to last through a race as long, or longer, than his competitors.

TEACHING the yearling or two-year-old is a long business, requiring at least six or eight months for its due performance, including the breaking. Few colts, however, will be thoroughly fit to try before they have been broken a year; and unless they are found to be dead slow, and at the same time "set" in their frames, they should not be given up as a hopeless till then. The usual practice is to employ three months in the autumn in breaking and giving them the first rude lessons in the canter, with the use of the spur, &c.; then to let them recruit for a short time, with the administration also of a dose or two of physic; after which they are put into the trainer's hands, to be taught their paces, for another three months—viz., to the middle or end of January, and generally till the frost sets in, by which time the experienced trainer begins to have some idea of their style of going, and to prognosticate their future form. When the weather is such as to make the ground too hard for strong exercise, the colts are generally thrown out of work, and physicked again, as well as put upon a lighter allowance of corn, with a few sliced carrots, and an occasional bran-mash. And this state of idleness lasts a longer or shorter time, according to the intention of the owner to bring them out early or late in the season. In this determination he is generally guided by their appearance as to forwardness, and their style of going, which may be light, corky, and clever, fitting them for an early exhibition; or awkward, loose, and lumbering, requiring a much longer time to bring them out. Thus, in the month of January, the trainer must decide whether to go on with the training, in order to produce his colts in the early spring events, or to reserve them till the autumn; or, finally, to put them by, when very large and awkward, until the third year, or if useless, for sale.

CLOTHING, DRESSING, AND STABLE MANAGEMENT.—The general teaching of young stock for racing purposes is conducted, as I have already said, upon the same principles for all; and it is almost always carried on with the whole team of yearlings, from August to November in breaking them, and from November to January, inclusive, in teaching them the use of their legs, and to face crowds of all kinds, with noise, &c., such as they will be sure to encounter, in their future races. The task which is now under consideration is the mere giving them practice in the hand-gallop, without any reference to condition, though keeping them in a high state of health all the while, so as to promote their growth, and to encourge the due furnishing of their frames with muscle, for which purpose the following various arrangements and aids in the stable and out of doors will be required.

CLOTHES of the lightest description are put on as soon as the breaking is carried far enough to allow their use, and the hot weather has ceased; and they should always be first employed in the large airy boxes before bringing the colts into the stables devoted to training. As the nights become cool these boxes may be graudally closed as much as possible, so as to prevent the colts from being chilled, and their coats thereby rendered long and unfit for their subsequent work. By the end of October they will generally bear a warm suit of winter clothing in the airy boxes, and sometimes, in very cold seasons, an additional rug over their quarters. Hoods and breast-cloths are seldom added till they are taken into training; but when the cold weather comes on they require them in their walking exercise, as the change from their warm stables to the cold air of the downs is generally very considerable at this season.

DRESSING is now actively commenced, and the colt has the undivided services of a lad, just as has been already described in the training of the racehorse. The body-dressing, hand-rubbing of the legs, &c., are all the same, and the only difference is, that greater care is requisite in the use of the comb and brush, which always occasions some resistance; but in the yearling will often, if used roughly, produce a frightful display of temper. Hand-rubbing is now especially necessary, as the trial to the legs is very great, in consequence of the weight of the lad, however light, being greater than the age of the colt qualifies him by nature to bear.

THE STABLING must be gradually made more and more warm and close, but with the greatest possible prudence and care. Many an eye is lost from a want of due precaution in this particular; but, at the same time, unless the stable is tolerably warm, it is impossible to keep up the health and growth during the winter. In this first season, however, the temperature should be kept several degrees below that of the regular training stable; and it will suffice if it is warm enough for comfort, without much attention to producing excessive fineness of coat. The same may be said of clothing, it must not be carried to the same degree as for older horses; but all these stable practices must be gradually increased, and at this time one suit is generally enough in a moderately warm stable.

GALLOPING AND SWEATING.—Galloping is next to be taught, and at first the only way is to get the colt into a hand gallop in the way he likes best, not interfering at all, but allowing him to follow the trainer's hack at a steady pace, and without any other horses. Half a mile at a time is sufficient for this purpose, and a very gentle rise is the best kind of ground, as it will always be found that the colt learns his gallop more easily up-hill than on level ground. At first there will generally be some difficulty with the mouth, and the trainer may allow the boy to come alongside him, when he will see whether the bit is adapted to his horse's state of forwardness and temper, and will either continue it or change it at his discretion. It is desirable in all cases that racehorses should have a steady pull at their bits, without which they seldom extend themselves, but the steadier it is and the less strongly they pull the better; and consequently it is a great object to see that the bit suits them, and is neither too sharp nor too large. It is only by attention to these matters, and by avoiding hurrying the colt in his gallop, that he is brought to his best, and made to go in the form which is most calculated to ensure success. The trainer, therefore, by riding by the side of the lad, instructs him either to give way a little or to take a stronger pull, according to circumstances; the former allowing the colt to extend himself more, and to go nearer to the ground, the latter making him gallop higher and shorter, and being only necessary in very long-reaching and loose-made horses. These gallops are soon taken in the string, and the yearling is then either placed with others of his own age, or he is started behind older horses, and stopped at a certain distance, according to the instructions of the trainer, and before they have got to their top-speed. This plan answers very well, and is at first better than the putting a lot of young ones together, which being only half broken, are apt to set up their backs all at once, and to take example from one another so as to be quite unmanageable from mutual excitement. When, however, they are becoming tolerably handy in their gallops, and free from these unruly proceedings, they are better trained and galloped together, and without the presence of more than one older horse to lead the string, which a yearling or two-year-old is seldom fit to do. These short gallops are continued from day to day, seldom exceeding half a mile in length, of which two per day is the outside allowance during the first two or three months of this kind of early training or teaching. Towards the end of the time the colts may occasionally be made to lead the gallop, each in his turn, without a older horse before them, and at last they should be galloped abreast; until they will stand which trial of temper quietly, they cannot be said to have their education complete, independently of the training for the purposes of condition which has still to come. This running together will often lead to bolting and plunging, and therefore it should only be attempted when the colts have been doing good work, and after a preliminary gallop, which has taken a little of the steel out of them. Two should first be tried abreast, and if they stand this well, on a future day one or two others which have passed the same ordeal may be added; and thus they are made to do in private what they will hereafter have to repeat in public, with the addition of the shouts and noises of the race-course. If during this imitation of a crowd any of them break away, they must be ridden next time by a better horseman; and, if necessary, a man of light weight must be put upon the offender's back, since it is better to risk his legs than to lose all chance of success in future, by allowing him to get the upper hand of his rider. Absolute racing at one another should be sedulously avoided, as neither the condition nor the temper is yet sufficiently perfect to allow of its being adopted, and the next three months will barely suffice for that object; indeed it is never desireable to extend the colt to his utmost speed until he is to be tried, and if this could be deferred to his third year he would no doubt be all the better for it; but as the fashion now is to run races of great value with the two-year-olds, it is a temptation which few breeders will resist.

SWEATING will seldom be necessary until the spring, but sometimes a yearling is very gross in himself, and is so fat and unwieldy as to be unfit for any kind of gallop. No amount of walking exercise and physic will reduce some very hardy colts, and the sweaters must be put on, or the legs will suffer to a certainty. When such is the case, the sweat should be run very slowly; and if a long two-mile hill, with a very slight elevation all the way, can be selected, there is little necessity for more than a canter, and even a trot will generally suffice, with the aid of plenty of clothing heaped on in the rubbing-house. If these slow sweats are repeated once a week, or every ten days, and the pace is never increased beyond that above specified, they will generally succeed in getting some of the beef off, and will enable the colt to use his limbs with greater freedom, and less chance of injury. When once the fat is stirred by these means, it is astonishing how rapidly it melts away; but the great point is to avoid chilling the colt in his first sweats, for too often they are the cause of chronic cough, inflammation of the eyes, swelling of the legs, &c, &c. If, therefore, they can be avoided at this time so much the better, but they may be adopted in preference to the continuance of a worse evil, in the shape of two inches of fat upon the ribs, and a proportionate quantity on the inside.

SHOEING.—Full shoeing should always be adopted previous to any teaching of the gallop, and the short tips will not now suffice, on account of the battering which the heels would receive from galloping over an occasional piece of hard ground. The fore-shoes should be light and short, so that they are not likely to be torn off, and the hind-shoes may be made with or without light cogs, according to the state of the ground. The form called the concave shoe is that best adapted for training purposes with most feet. In every case the shoe should be removed and the feet pared at the end of every three weeks.

TRAINING THE EARLY OR MATURED TWO YEAR OLD COLT.—At Christmas, or about the first week in January, I have already said that the colts should be practiced in galloping alongside one another, and many people at this time decide upon having a trial for half mile at light weights, so as to weed out the good from the bad. Very little dependence can be placed upon this, but still it is often done, and requires little preparation; as the distance is not sufficient to injure their wind, and as they are all alike in their condition, it makes no difference, as compared with one another. But beyond this, a trial with a three-year-old is sometimes required, and insisted upon, but without the slightest utility as a test of merit. The eye of experience is after all the only guide, and by its aid the good judge will generally prognosticate which is the most likely to come out in good form, and at what period he will do so; but often the worst colt will show the best at this time, and will deceive the inexperienced into the belief in his excellence, leaving the really valuable animal to show himself in his true form in the spring or following autumn. It is not generally the thick-set, quick, and pony-like colt which turns out the best ultimately, but the larger, more racing-like, and roomy animal, who at this time is perhaps all legs and wings, as compared with his well-furnished little companion. Six months, however, turn the tables—the legs and wings thicken, and become furnished with muscles, and the colt then looks, and is, vastly superior to his former more successful stable companion. If, however, a trial is to be had, now is the best time, as the frost will almost always prevent it later, either from the ground continuing hard, or from its occasionally interfering with that amount of exercise which can justify a trial. As soon as this matter is settled, the colts should all be put by for their future performances. Some being at once physicked, and exercised afterwards upon straw-beds, &c., so as to keep their condition as forward as possible, while others are entirely thrown by, and are reserved for the next autumn, or even the following spring. But we are now considering only one kind—namely, those which are intended to come out in early spring, and which are the most mature and forward in their development. These should be walked out daily as soon as their physic is set, and kept on the straw-ride at least three hours a day, which may often be extended to four, if they are lusty and of good constitution.—[TO BE CONTINUED.

BILLY'S UPSET—Bill P. was making a journey in a stage coach, over the hilly roads in the western part of the State, and amused himself on the way by frequent resort to the comfort of a mysterious black bottle which he had with him. Suddenly the coach came in contact with a large stone, which, without doing any other damage, deprived Billy of his equilibrium and down he rolled on the ground.

"Wot'n thunder yer doing?" said Billy, "how come you to tip over?"

The driver informed him that the stage had not been overturned at all; and the passengers assured Billy that John was right. Billy approached the vehicle again, and remounted slowly to his former seat outside.

"Didn't upset d'ye say?"

"Not at all," replied the driver.

"Well—if I'd know'd that," said Billy, "I wouldn't ha' got off?"

THE GAME OF CHESS.

A TREAT FOR PROFICIENTS.

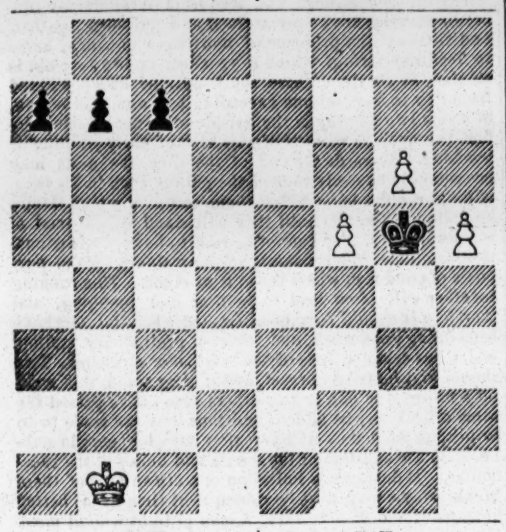
HERR SZEN'S THREE-PAWN PROBLEM.

When Herr Szen visited Paris and London a few years ago, he introduced this very difficult Pawn position to the notice of the Chess world; which excited the more interest from his withholding the solution and winning it, for a time, against the first players of the day.

The exposition of this study, more or less complete, has been given in various works, most of which are now difficult to obtain, and we propose, before entering upon another "Theoretical Opening," to treat our proficients to the cream of these analysis.

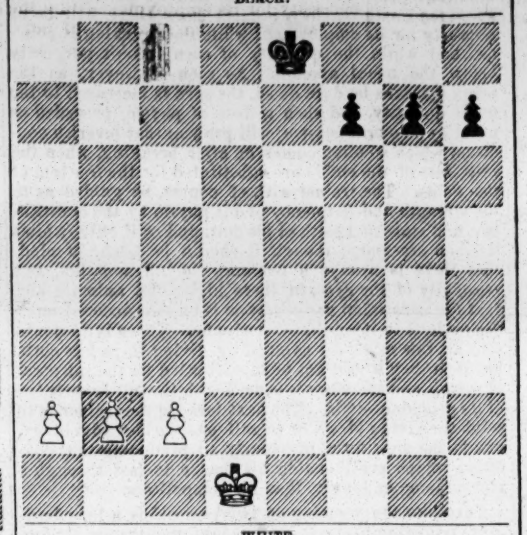
PRELIMINARY STUDIES.

NO. 1. CARRERA'S POSITION. BLACK.



WHITE. Either moves; King wins.

NO. 2. PHILIDORIAN. WHITE.



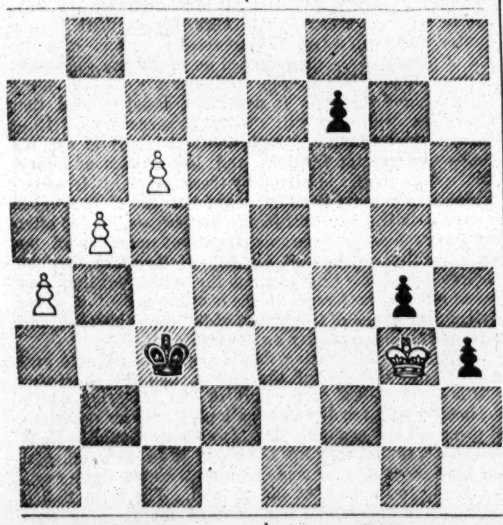
BLACK. Whichever moves, loses.

Our readers will perceive that we make the above diagram do double service.

NO. 1.—In this position, Carrera erroneously supposed that if the Pawns had the move, they won by force. This single King (use Black and White alternately in these analyses) is here opposed to three united Pawns; and Walker (Philidorian) has demonstrated by some hundreds of positions that the K., if originally planted on either of the three files on which the pawns are stationed, being in their van, can arrest their march and win them in detail. It is absolutely necessary to master this point, as furnishing a key to the difficulties of the Szen problem. Place the K on Kt 5th, or B 5th, and you have two of Von Nieveld's positions, in which he labored under the same misapprehension as Carrera. With or without the move the K wins.

NO. 2.—If, in the course of play, either party moving incautiously, allows his opponent to complete this position, it is then his own move, and he loses. If, however, the K stand on R 4th, or B 4th, with the pawns so situated, the party moving first wins. The attention of the student cannot be too frequently directed to similar nice distinctions.

NO. 3. PHILIDORIAN. WHITE.



BLACK. Whichever moves, wins.

NO. 4. PHILIDORIAN. BLACK.

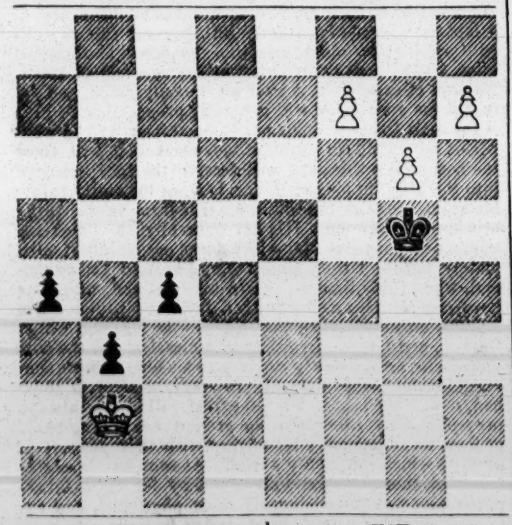
WHITE. Either to move; P's win.

NO. 3.—In this position of the pawns, if the K be on Kt 4th, he wins, whichever move. But in this supposed case, draw all the men one sq. nearer the bottom of the board (i. e. K on Kt 3d, &c.) the one having to move, loses; and one sq. still further down—if P's move, they win; if K move, he draws.

NO. 4.—This is an important example, showing the power of gaining a move possessed by the P's, one of them being unmoved. It would be the same thing were the K on either of the six squares below him.

Once more a double header.

NO. 5. BLACK.



WHITE. Whichever moves, loses.

NO. 6. WHITE.

BLACK. Either moves, K wins.

NO. 5.—Were K at either of the three home squares, on R's or B's 3d, whichever moves, wins. Were all the men one square further up the board, the K wins, with or without the move.

NO. 6.—In this position, were the K on either of the 12 squares behind him, he still wins, with or without the move.

The most elaborate, perfect, and at the same time comprehensive analysis of single K vs. three united pawns is contained in Walker's Philidorian, a work we venture to say very few of our readers possess. The following are his deductions from the analyses:

1st. The preponderance of advantage is on the side of the K vs. the 3 pawns.

2d. (Given under 1st preliminary position.)

3d. The less forward the pawns, the easier it is for the K to stop them.

4th. Two pawns at the 5th squares, with the third unmoved, should they not be under attack, will invariably win.

5th. The two pawns at the 6th squares win, wheresoever K is placed, if they have the move, and if the third P be on any sq. in their rear. Certain exceptions exist to this rule in the case of the K's gaining stalemate in the corner.

6th. One P at the 6th, guarded by another, the third being unmoved, win invariably, let K stand where he may, and whosoever has the move.

Our students will make a problem for themselves and examine each of these propositions in detail.

GRECO'S THREE-PAWN PROBLEM.

(For this position you have only to take the following problem, and place the White K at home, instead of on K sq.)

Greco gives this as a position in which White is to win—*if he have the move*; but the play advanced in support of his declaration is grossly inaccurate. Lewis correctly discovers that if White play as directed by Greco, Black can draw the game; but then jumps to the conclusion that the game is, by its nature, drawn; the method of drawing it being, says he, for "each player to leave one pawn unmoved." &c. In Chess, as in everything else, time brings on its mellow fruits, and the opinions of one year may be scattered to the wind by the experience of the next. Greco's position is, in truth, a won game for White, both with and *without the move*. Of this, the most interesting feature of the case, Greco was therefore ignorant.

This, then, brings us to the position scientifically perfected, and known as the celebrated

THREE-PAWN PROBLEM.—NO. 97.

BY HERR JOSEPH SZEN.

BLACK.

WHITE. Whichever moves first, wins by force.

It is not unworthy of notice, says Walker, that with the Pawns placed as in either of the above situations, if the White K stand on his own sq., and the Black K on his Q sq., the party having the first move would still win.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Cricketer, New York.—You see you are well started along upon the "road to Jordan," but with such a start as if you don't pay the most careful attention to, you will find a "hard road to travel."

Boston Chess Club.—Thanks for your pains; but you see Philadelphia had already covered most of the ground.

G. H. H., Boston.—You see an antagonist has turned up; does that move suit you? He would have replied to you with that move.

E. J. W., Boston.—A problem, or two, wanted from you.

Cambridge, Boston.—Thanks for renewed favors; see to "E. J. W."

B. W., Jr., Jersey City.—Welcome to our list of contributors; we wish you a very pleasant game with our old friend "G. H. H."

Wankinco, Wareham, Mass.—We are glad to see you again. We have, but will repeat it. No. 96, right; 95, wrong—we believe.

X. Y. Z., Senior.—Once more in full sail.

Somerville, New York.—The "Union Chess Club," $2 per annum; 1 to 6 o'clock P. M., at Limburger's saloon, N. E. corner Fulton and Nassau streets. Problem on file for examination. No. 96, right.

T. M. B., Penn Yan, N. Y.—Many thanks for your pains; we have now a little statement of facts for them that, probably, will not be relished. We shall endeavor to show them their portrait next week; they'll attempt to ignore the likeness.

En Prise, Newark, N. J.—Thanks for your courtesy in the matter of your game. Can you call on us, if in the city, this week?

Boston Chess Club.—At the annual meeting of this Club, the following named gentlemen were elected officers for the current year:—President, Dr. Horace Richardson; Secretary, George W. Smalley; Treasurer, Edwin J. Weller; Executive Committee, George Hammond, T. Kabuski, W. R. Broughton, and Dr. J. W. Stone. The Club is now regularly organized, and will be pleased to receive visits from persons interested in the game of Chess, at No. 8 Hayward Place. The members meet for play every Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, from 4 to 10 o'clock P. M.

Pioneer Chess Club.—At the annual meeting of the Pioneer Chess Club, of San Francisco, the following named gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:—President, Selim Franklin; Vice President, Willard B. Farwell; Secretary, J. H. Gardiner.

Our Metropolitan Club.—We are requested to state that there will be a special business meeting of the New York Chess Club, at its rooms, on Thursday eve of this week (21st inst.), which all the members are earnestly invited to attend, as business of importance is to be brought up.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 95.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..R to Q 8	R × R (1)	2..Q to K R 6, and 3..Q mates.	
	(1)		
1..	Q × Kt	1..R to K 4 +, and 3..Q mates.	

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA NO. 95.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..Q to K sq +	K to R 3 *best*	3..P to Q R 5 +	K to Q B 2
2..Kt–Q Kt 8 +	K–Kt 3	4..Q–K Kt 3, mate.	

GAME NO. 97.

Being the first of the Games by Correspondence between Boston and Philadelphia.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

Attack, Boston.	Defence, Philadelphia.	Attack, Boston.	Defence, Philadelphia.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	13..Castles	P to Q B 4
2..K Kt–B 3	Q Kt–B 3	14..K R–Q sq (*e*)	B 2d P × P
3..P–Q 4	K P × P	15..Q Kt × Kt (1)	Q 1st P × Kt
4..K B–Q B 4	K B–Q B 4	16..Kt × Q P	K B × Kt (2)
5..P–Q B 3	K Kt–B 3	17..K R × B	Q–K 2
6..P–K 5	P–Q 4	18..Q B–K B 4 (*f*)	P–Q B 4
7..B–Q Kt 5	K Kt–K 5	19..K R–Q 7 (*g*)	Q–K sq
8..K B × Kt +	Kt P × B	20..Q–home	Q R–Q sq (*h*)
9..B P × P	K B–Q Kt 3 (*a*)	21..K R × R	Q × K R
10..P–K R 3 (*b*)	Q B–R 3 (*c*)	22..Q × Q	R × Q
11..Q Kt–B 3	Castles	23..Q R–Q B sq, and the *partie* was abandoned as drawn.	
12..Q–her R 4	Q B–Kt 2 (*d*)		

NOTES BY PHILADELPHIA.

(*a*) The moves to this point are those given by Jænisch, virtually resolving the game into the "Giuoco Piano."

(*b*) To prevent the Defence placing Q B at K Kt 5, but to our mind rather tame, being rather defensive than attacking. We prefer Q Kt to B 3 at this juncture.

(*c*) Setting an injunction on the Attack's castling, apparently, but really a lost move.

(*d*) B to Kt 4, would lose a Pawn.

(*e*) Well played, though taking the Pawn was equally as safe, to our mind.

(1) Best, decidedly; as our object was to draw.—E. J. W.

(2) The move expected was P to Q B 4th, when the following was probable:

17..Kt to B 5 (*)	Q to K sq (†)	19..Kt to Q 6, and the game seems even.	
18..Q × Q	R to Q sq		

(*) Kt to K 6th would lose a Pawn.

(†) Q to B 2d would lose a piece.—E. J. W.

(*f*) For the double purpose of protecting K's Pawn and freeing Q's Rook.

(*g*) Apparently strong, as attacking Q and B, but really weak, the reply rendering it useless.

(*h*) Forcing the exchange of Rooks; which, followed by that of the Queens, reduces it to a pawn game.

(*i*) The game was here abandoned as drawn, business engagements preventing its continuance by the Philadelphia players.

The above game, to our mind, demonstrates still further that the Scotch Gambit, running as it does into the Giuoco Piano, is defensible, and if played correctly, is, in its nature, a drawn game.

AFTERPIECE.

A little dash in the Syracuse Chess Club, between our contributor Midnight and Mr. F. L——r.

GIUOCO PIANO.

Attack, Midnight.	Defence, Mr. F. L——r.	Attack, Midnight.	Defence, Mr. F. L——r.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	10..Q to her R 6	Q B to his sq
2..K Kt–B 3	Q Kt–B 3	11..Q–her R 4	Q B–Q 2
3..K B–Q B 4	P–K R 3 (*a*)	12..K R–K sq	Q Kt–Q 5
4..P–Q B 3	K Kt–B 3	13..B × B P +	K × K B
5..P–Q 3	P–Q 4	14..Kt × K P +	K–home
6..K P × P	K Kt × P	15..Q × Q Kt	Q–her B sq
7..Q–her Kt 3 (*b*)	Q B–K 3	16..Q–K R 4	P–K R 4
8..Q × Kt P	K Kt–Q Kt 2	17..Kt–K Kt 6 dis +	and the Defence resigned.
9..Castles	Q R–Kt sq		

(*a*) Too slow, altogether; young players are apt to consider this move *always safe*, but this is a mistaken notion—it is not unfrequently fatally bad.

(*b*) A form of attack not sufficiently appreciated and studied. Well conducted it requires no little care and skill to be successfully defended.

ENIGMA NO. 97.—BY WM. BONE.

SELECTED BY OUR CONTRIBUTOR CONO.

White.—K at his 5; Q at her sq; P's at K 4, and K Kt 5th.

Black.—K at his R 2; Q at her R 2; Kt at K R 4; P's at Q R 7, K Kt 2, and K R 8d.

White to move; what can he do, how can he do it, and how long will it take him?

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA.

GAME SECOND—EVANS GAMBIT.

White—Philadelphia.	Black—Boston.
22..P to K Kt 4	R to K Kt 2
23..P to K R 4	P to K R 4
24..K to R 2	

BETWEEN X. Y. Z., SENIOR, AND METELLUS.

White—X. Y. Z.	Black—Metellus.
20..Q to her Kt 3	P to Q Kt 3
21..B takes Kt	Q takes B
22..P to Q R 4	

BETWEEN X. Y. Z., SENIOR, AND EN PRISE.

Black—X. Y. Z.	White—En Prise.
16..P to Q 5	Q B takes Kt
17..Kt P takes B	Kt to K 4

BETWEEN LOPEZ AND METELLUS.

Black—Lopez.	White—Metellus.
6..P to Q 3	Q B to K Kt 5
7..B P takes P	Q B takes Kt
8..K 2d P takes Kt	

BETWEEN H. A. B. AND CRICKETER.

White—H. A. B.	Black—Cricketer.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4
2..K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3
3..K B to Q B 4	K B to Q B 4
4..P to Q Kt 4	K B takes P
5..P to Q B 3	

BETWEEN B. W., Jr., AND G. H. H.

Black—B. W., Jr.	White—G. H. H.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

ANDERSON'S WORK ON DRAUGHTS.

This work, the most reliable Draught book ever published, containing the Standard Laws of the Game, with numerous games, diagrams, &c., &c., is now for sale at the Clipper office. Price, $2 per copy. Copies forwarded to all parts of the country on receipt of the price.

☞ We have received nothing farther regarding the Drysdale and Drummond match; and we are looking for an "intimation" from Mr. Drysdale. More anon.

A CARD.

Pittsburgh, January 12, 1868.

Draught Editor Clipper—*Dear Sir:* That solution of Position No. 130, as given by Nemo, seems to me to contain an error, as White can easily draw by playing from 22 to 17 for his third move, instead of 22 to 18, as given in the solution. It appears doubtful whether the condition of the problem is practicable or not. Will some one tell?

Yours truly, H. L.

A CARD.

January 9, 1868.

Draught Editor Clipper—*Dear Sir:* As Know Nothing has "taken a notion" to "haul me over the coals," I would reply to his remarks as follows: I suppose he is correct in stating the variations are in 'Drummond," but I have not his work, and therefore could not knew, and called them "*original as far as I can tell*." I strangely misunderstood Uncle Sam's letter, enclosing variations A, B, &c, if he did not call them *his own*; also wrote him several times about publishing the game before doing so. I acknowledge I copied No. 3, but can give him my reasons for not acknowledging it at the time (either in the Clipper or by mail.)

Will either K. N. or Uncle Sam show a draw after the 12th, 26 to 23? I may have made a bad move for Attack. Variation E was made a win, either from my pen writing "win" from sympathy with the rest, or by some mistake in the printing; there is no other drawable moves in the published variations. Will K. N. show any other *draw* after my 10th, 32 to 28, but by leading game to E, and then branching out on that variation? I can't see how K. N. found out that "Nemo would have it appear," &c, (see card), unless he has the gift of second sight, and can see farther into a person's inner mind than one's self. *I thought* I published the game to furnish amusement, and, perhaps, instruction to "*young players*," like myself; also to find out the mistakes in my variations, (doubting not they were "thar.") I am not so jealous of my own powers, and envious of those of others, as to hide my defeats, and only publish victories. I agree with Know Nothing about the "New York," and there is a draw game of mine now at the Clipper office.

Change Black man on 17 to *White*, in No. 180, and then "propel." I suppose my red ink *faded* until it became *black*.

Rough and Ready would oblige me if he could give a few of his variations on the 10th, 23 to 19. I have played it once or twice, and thought it a draw, but was not sure. Nemo.

A CARD.

Draught Editor Clipper—*Dear Sir:* J. F., of Philadelphia, in his remarks on Drummond's "Single Corner" game, I consider correct; but why not *win* for White at an earlier stage of the game than J. F. suggests, thus:

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	5..10 to 15	25 to 22 (*a*)
2..15 22	25 18	6.. 6 10	20 16 (*b*)
3.. 8 11	29 25	and wins.	
4.. 4 8	24 20		

(*a*) Drummond says 26 to 22; and says this move loses the game for White! But *why* make it? However, J. F. has shown that it does *not* lose the game, weakening as it is.

(*b*) Provided Drummond plays the Blacks as he *proposes*, I cannot see why this does not beat him. Patricius.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. W., New York.—Let "by-gones be by-gones." You are duly enrolled among our correspondents, and we shall henceforth glide along as mildly as a hatful of kittens basking in the August "sunshine." There are no expenses attending a match, and we shall be happy to enter your name in the match.

G. R. Marden, Salem, Mass.—Thanks for your positions. You will hear from us at length soon.

H. L., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Your card appears this week.

Nemo, Princeton, N. J.—We give your reply to Know Nothing this week.

Greenhorn, Brasher Falls, N. Y.—P. W., of New York, will play you a game of draughts through the Clipper. If you accept, please forward your move. Shall we say—Black, 11 to 15, for Greenhorn? "On the Square" also signifies his willingness to encounter you. What shall we reply? Will you encounter both?

On the Square, Williamsburgh, N. Y.—Many thanks for your friendly and amusing communication. The late gale has "dwindled to a calm," and we trust that our future intercourse with *all* our correspondents may be as peaceful as the unbroken surface of a fresh lake, mirroring the "eternal hills," "clothed in twilight." There, we are at the "end of our rope," and if you want anything more highfalutin you must give us "time." Thanks for positions. We are afraid we can't "board" you just yet.

A. J. Willard, Iowa.—We would advise you to obtain Anderson's treatise on the game of draughts, which we consider the "*ne plus ultra*." By forwarding $2 to "our office," No. 30 Ann street, New York, you may obtain a copy (forwarded by express.) ☞ Express fees extra.

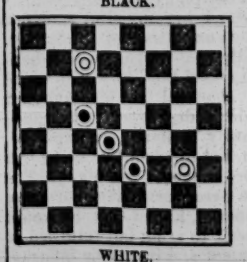
American, Buffalo.—We publish a position from you this week. Your suggestion regarding our giving credit for solutions of problems is a correct one; and we pledge ourselves to "do that same thing." Solution of Position 179 O. K.

Bond, Cincinnati, O.—We have "matter on hand" from you, which we intend to lay before our readers all in good time. Our correspondence is very extensive, and we feel perfectly assured that you will attribute our delay to the right cause.

☞ Correct solutions of Position No. 179, new series, forwarded by "On the Square," "American," and "Patricius." Friend "Patricius" will please observe that "Black" occupies the "low numbers," viz: from 1 to 12. We mention this as the numbers were reversed in the solution forwarded by him. We agree with these gentlemen; it is a "pretty position."

PRACTICAL END-GAME, frequently occurring in play.

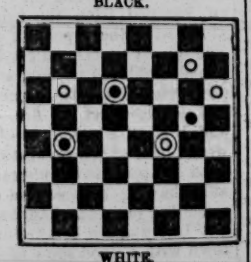
BLACK.



WHITE. Black to move and win.

A NUT FROM DRUMMOND, occurring in actual play.

BLACK.



WHITE. Black to play and win.

☞ Solution given next week.

The above position was forwarded a few days ago by a correspondent, with the following: Lynn, Jan. 6, 1868.

Draught Editor Clipper—*Dear Sir:* Will you please inform me the *smallest* number of moves by which Black can win? and also if White can *demand* him to beat *in* that number, or *draw*?

Very truly yours, Sagamore.

(White cannot.—Ed. D. D.)

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 179.

NEW SERIES.

BY "FOO FOO."

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..11 to 16	17 to 10	4..26 to 22	18 to 25
2..15 6	1 10	5..30 26	23 30
3..19 15	10 19	6..16 23, and wins.	

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 180.

NEW SERIES.

BY "NEMO."

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1.. 9 to 14	18 to 9	4..27 to 31	18 to 27
2..11 15	4 18	5..31 22, and wins.	
3..19 23	28 19		

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 181.

NEW SERIES.

BY "ALONZO."

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..27 to 24	20 to 27	4..25 to 22	18 to 25
2..31 24	22 15	5..30 14	10 17
3..23 19	9 18	6..19 12, and wins.	

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 182.

NEW SERIES.

BY "FOO FOO."

Black.	White.
1..30 to 26	31 to 22
2..14 18	22 6
3.. 8 3, and wins.	

☞ Correct solutions of Positions 181 and 182, new series, by "Patricius."

GAME NO. 94.—NEW SERIES.

Played between the Editor and our correspondent "Fair Play," of Buffalo, N. Y.

A TEN MINUTE SKIRMISH.

THE CROSS.

Black, Editor.	White, Fair Play.	Black, Editor.	White, Fair Play.
1..11 to 15	23 to 18	14..15 to 24	28 to 19
2.. 9 14	18 9	15.. 3 7	31 27
3.. 5 14	24 20	16..11 16	20 11
4.. 8 11	26 23	17.. 7 16	30 25
5.. 4 8	22 18	18.. 2 6	18 15
6..15 22	25 9	19..14 18	23 7
7.. 6 13	29 25	20..16 32	7 2
8..11 15	26 22	21..32 27	2 7
9.. 8 11	28 24	22..27 24	7 16
10.. 1 5	32 28	23..24 19	10 1
11.. 5 9	23 18	24..19 10	1 5
12..10 14	27 23	25..10 14	
13.. 7 10	24 19	Drawn.	

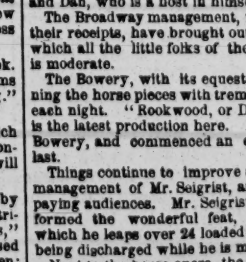
POSITION NO. 183.

NEW SERIES.

By "American."

Dedicated to T. Graham, Esq., of New York. By his friend I. D. J. S.*

BLACK.



WHITE. White to move and win.

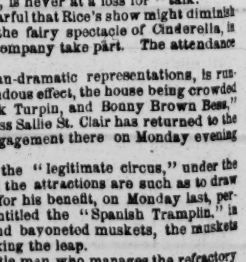
POSITION NO. 184.

NEW SERIES.

By "Robert Short."

Dedicated to Mr. Robert French, of New York.

BLACK.



WHITE. White to move and win.

* We take the liberty to dedicate positions to our friends when not previously dedicated by their authors. We trust this will meet the approbation of all parties.—[Ed. D. D.

MATCH GAMES

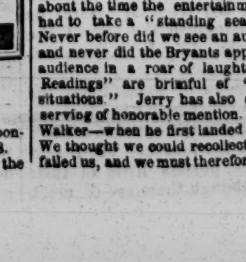
BETWEEN METELLUS AND A. F.

Black—Metellus.	White—A. F.
9.. 6 9	22 18
10.. 1 6	26 22
11..16 20	31 26

MATCH GAME.

Between Foo Foo and E. F. S.

BLACK—E. F. S.

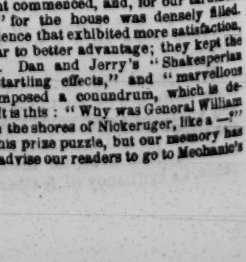


WHITE—Foo Foo. White to move.

MATCH GAME.

Between Alonzo and E. F. S.

BLACK—Alonzo.



WHITE—E. F. S. Black to "jump."

Moves made since last week. Black—10 to 15 White—19 to 10

AMUSEMENTS.

CITY SUMMARY.

"Horse Opera" is the "go" with us, now. We have four establishments devoted to this sort of entertainment, viz: The Broadway, Niblo's, the Bowery, and the "legitimate" shop in the Bowery. Dan Rice has taken possession of Niblo's, and, with his horses, rhinoceros, and other animals, to say nothing of the bipeds, is doing a fine business. Rice's bills announce "that the monsters of the great show all perform in the ring; are not confined in narrow dens, but are *let loose*, thus affording all an opportunity of seeing the *free movements* of the animals." *This* should be sufficient to induce a large attendance. Mrs. Dan Rice contributes greatly to the interest of the entertainment, and Dan, who is a host in himself, is never at a loss for "talk."

The Broadway management, fearful that Rice's show might diminish their receipts, have brought out the fairy spectacle of Cinderella, in which all the little folks of the company take part. The attendance is moderate.

The Bowery, with its equestrian-dramatic representations, is running the horse pieces with tremendous effect, the house being crowded each night. "Rookwood, or Dick Turpin, and Bonny Brown Bess," is the latest production here. Miss Sallie St. Clair has returned to the Bowery, and commenced an engagement there on Monday evening last.

Things continue to improve at the "legitimate circus," under the management of Mr. Seigrist, and the attractions are such as to draw paying audiences. Mr. Seigrist, for his benefit, on Monday last, performed the wonderful feat, entitled the "Spanish Trampolin," in which he leaps over 24 loaded and bayoneted muskets, the muskets being discharged while he is making the leap.

Next to the horse opera, the little man who manages the refractory supes, etc., at the Academy of Music, is most deserving of notice, from the fact that he has recently added to his unenviable notoriety by refusing to permit the critic of a contemporary to enter the Academy, even after one of the manager's agents had sold him a ticket of admission. This act caps the climax of Ullman's impudence, and is the forerunner of his downfall. It is to be hoped that the journal in question will espouse the case of its critic, and test, by legal means, whether the holder of a ticket of admission to a place of amusement can be denied the privilege of entering the building, said ticket having been sold by one of the agents of the manager. Ullman and his troupe have made arrangements to perform at the Philadelphia Academy of Music the ensuing week, and it is to be hoped that our Philadelphia contemporaries will maintain their usual independence, despite the Napoleonic attitude of the little would-be Dictator.

Minstrelsy flourishes "like a green bay horse!" All three establishments, Bryants, Buckleys, and Woods, are doing a most excellent business. We dropped in at Bryant's on Saturday evening last, just about the time the entertainment commenced, and, for our tardiness had to take a "standing seat," for the house was densely filled. Never before did we see an audience that exhibited more satisfaction, and never did the Bryants appear to better advantage; they kept the audience in a roar of laughter. Dan and Jerry's "Shakesperian Readings" are brimful of "startling effects," and "marvellous situations." Jerry has also composed a conundrum, which is deserving of honorable mention. It is this: "Why was General William Walker—when he first landed on the shores of Nickeruger, like a ——?" We thought we could recollect this prize puzzle, but our memory has failed us, and we must therefore advise our readers to go to Mechanic's

Hall, and hear Jerry propound, and solve this difficult problem in modern warfare.

Buckleys' are doing a fine business at their new location, and we are pleased to record the fact, for they have not heretofore met with that success which their merits deserve. Pick Sitter, the jig dancer, is with them. To say that he is a great dancer, would be but faint praise. His movements are executed with clock-like precision, while the variety of his steps, their peculiar style, &c., all combine, in our opinion, to stamp him as the best jig dancer at present in this country. J. Mulligan, another addition to this troupe, has already made his mark, and will soon become an established favorite here. He is about the "tallest" nigger in the business. Swaine and Bishop Buckley are equally good in their respective lines, and the company, as now organised, and in their present location, cannot fail to attract.

Wood & Christy's company continue to be well patronized, although, from various indications, the tendency is downward, the old and favorite halls of minstrelsy farther down Broadway "heading off" a number of Wood's former patrons.

Neighbor Watson's new American comedy, "A Bachelor's Wife," increases in favor. The critics, generally, speak well of it, and this is as much of a novelty in this selfish city as the fact that the American production has succeeded. We congratulate Mr. Watson upon his success in producing a "new" play without the aid of the **** Club, or their Bourcicaultisms.

Speaking of this club reminds us of their benefit, which took place at Wallack's, on Monday evening last, when their last original drama was performed. The play was "Poor," the beneficiares were "poor," and in general keeping with the occasion, the house was "poor," the drama and its authors being played out.

Mr. Chanfrau commenced an engagement at the National on Monday evening last, and has drawn crowded houses. His Mose pieces take almost as well as they did several years ago when "all New York" attended the National to witness Mr. Chanfrau in his then new line of characters.

Laura Keene is doing passably well, making what she can out of "An Unequal Match," and the Muleteer of Toledo.

Glorious John Brougham's burlesque of "Columbus" never tires. It runs well, and is still on the boards at Burton's.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

Laura Keene Dramatic Association.—This club, which is composed of juveniles, gave their first entertainment at Humor Hall, on Thursday evening, Jan. 14th inst, on which occasion the managers selected for representation the drama of "The Bandit Merchant of Genoa," and "The Golden Farmer." The first named piece "slid off" in such a heterogeneous manner, we forbear passing any remarks that would tend to discourage the young aspirants in the arduous task they have zealously undertaken. Master Wallace was pronounced the card of the night, and we do not hesitate in stating that at no distant day he will become a "reigning God" in private theatricals. Miss Davenport rendered the part of Julietta with happy effect. At the close of the first piece, the lights, by some *strange means*, were extinguished, causing no little merriment among the nervous ones assembled. Efforts were made to restore the lights, but the "infernal thing would'nt work." Lighted candles were then brought in—the proprietor of the hall swore with a vengeance—juveniles raved—and the male portion of the audience grew boisterous—which in close combination formed a pleasant harmony, resembling in tone, what we consider the clamors of a patent "baby show," or the rumbling noise of a juvenile earthquake to be. The police were called in to eject the young *aspirants*, but sided in with them in conjunction with the amateurs against the proprietors, who refused to return the money paid for the use of the hall. Matters getting into a shoulder hitting state, we, with more discretion than valor, grew dim in the distance down two flights of stairs, leaving "mine host" in a perplexing dilemma. How it terminated we have not learned. Mr. Bogle, of the Boston Dramatic Club, is deserving of a good word for the gentlemanly manner in which he advocated the rights of the Laura Keene Club. We trust they will not forget his kindness. Messrs. Winters, Everett, and Cussens, of the Edwin Booth Club, rendered themselves serviceable by assisting in working the scenery, &c., as also did Mr. R. Gray, Ex-President of the G. L. Fox Club. Had the Laura Keene Club heeded our former remarks, touching the you-must-pay-a-quarter-to-witness-our-first-performance-dodge, they would have escaped the predicament in which they were placed on Thursday evening last. We hope it will prove a warning to others.

The J. R. Scott Dramatic Club held their second annual Fancy Dress, Military, and Civic Ball, at the City Assembly Rooms, on the evening of January the 6th, which reflected great credit on the managers. It was decidedly one of the best balls of the season. For the want of space, we omit further particulars, and regret that we failed to notice it in last week's Clipper, for which we crave the pardon of all those concerned. Amateur Critic.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Our old friend John Sefton's (Jemmy Twitcher) daughter, Angela, who recently *debuted* at Pittsburgh, is a whole team, for a novice, and does things that many an old professional would contribute considerable for the "know how." At her benefit, she enacted the part of St. George, in St. George and the Dragon; gave imitations of Mad. Rachel; executed Wallace's Fantasia, with variations, on the pianoforte; danced a Clog Hornpipe; sang the Brindisi, from Lucreza Borgia; executed the Ballet d'Action, and dance from the ballet of "La Vivandiere;" went through the parade of the small sword; executed seventy-five evolutions of the musket, including loading and firing; played a solo on the violin, and concluded with a Pas Nouvelle Chinois. Angela's an angel!

Mr. and Mrs. Florence were performing in Mobile last week.

How different is the following speech, made by Mr. A. H. Davenport, at his benefit, at Wallack's, some few evenings since, from that made by Mr. Blake some time ago before a Philadelphia audience. The latter failed to draw, and gave the few "Quakers" who *did* attend a piece of his mind. Mr. Davenport, on account of the stormy weather, had but a small attendance at his benefit. On being called out, he said:—"Ladies and gentlemen—I cannot suffer this opportunity to pass, without at least endeavoring to express my gratitude to you for your generous attendance upon this occasion. Truly, a great deal of 'cold water has been thrown' upon my hopes and expectations to night, yet were I to give utterance to the slightest expression of disappointment I should be guilty of a great act of injustice, and pay you but a poor compliment, you who have so nobly braved the fury of the storm for the purpose of assisting and encouraging me. They are indeed to be cherished and prized, who would venture forth on such a night to take a friend by the hand. Believe me, ladies and gentlemen, I sincerely and deeply appreciate your kindness. I am aware that my claims upon you are but slight, consequently the greater the kindness upon your part, the greater the obligation upon mine. Ladies and gentlemen, trusting that every succeeding day may find me more worthy your countenance, respect, and support, permit me respectfully to bid you good night."

Mr. Edwin Booth commenced an engagement at the Gaiety Theatre, New Orleans, on Sunday evening, 10th inst. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wallack were at the St. Charles.

The Morris Brothers, Pell & Huntley's Minstrels have secured a fine attendance at their opera house, Boston, each night of performance. They are favorably spoken of by the press of Boston.

There's nothing like punctuality. A want of it causes many a breach that time never heals. Mr. George H. Andrews having been dismissed from the Boston theatre by Mr. Barry, publishes a card, stating the cause to be, that he visited his family in New York on New Year's eve with the intention of leaving on Monday, but missed the boat by two minutes. His absence rendered it necessary to charge the piece. He expresses the hope "that Mr. Barry may not one of these days find himself 'too late for the boat.'"

Matilda Heron closed her engagement (not a very brilliant one, by the by,) at the Boston Theatre, on the 16th. The Ravels are now performing there.

Mr. C. J. Foster has been engaged at the National, Boston.

The Scottish Club visited the Howard Athenæum, Boston, one evening last week. They were dressed in their Highland costumes, and being seated together, their tartans and plaids and shining buckles produced a fine effect, and attracted much attention and comment from the audience.

The Siamese twins have gone to Havana. Hope neither of them will take the fever.

The Rochester Theatre has closed for the season, with the engagement of Mr. George Jamison, and Mrs. Annie Souter.

Lola Montez has just returned from Paris, having arrived in Boston, per steamer America, on Monday. Lola has been perpetrating matrimony, while abroad, it is said.

Dan Gardner is again giving his burlesque on Emma Stanley's Seven Ages of Woman, at Sanford's opera house, Philadelphia.

The Rolla ballet troupe have concluded their engagement at the Washington, D. C, Theatre, and have been succeeded by Mr. and Mrs. Bourcicault.

Mr. John Green, who was killed recently, is up again and doing, the report of his untimely death not being founded on fact.

Mrs. Bowers is doing well with the Count of Monte Christo, at the Walnut, Philadelphia. Wheatley, at the Arch, has brought out "Fraud and its Victims, or The Poor of Philadelphia," with all the New York gaggery, &c. The same piece is being done at Welsh's National.

The Marsh Children were successful in their engagement at the Metropolitan, Buffalo.

Here is a new style of Southern criticism, which has not yet come into fashion in the "Northern regions:" "But Miss Reeder (Mrs. Wright) was the chief attraction of the piece. We found her a very handsomely bound edition of the American reader; but to ascertain what is within, it is necessary to get further under cover. When we raise the embellished cover and get beyond the introduction, we shall be able to tell what merit this pretty volume has." The New Orleans *Delta* is answerable for this last innovation. What will the oyster-house critics say to this?

Landis's Minstrels have been "showing" in Washington. Old Jake Search, Harvey Johnson, and Ben Mallory are in the company.

Mr. C. Pope was playing last week at Wood's Theatre, St. Louis.

Mr. J. B. Roberts, an American tragedian now in Europe, made a very favorable impression in Dublin. The *Mail*, of that city, says—"Since Macready left the stage we have seen no such acting. And now that Charles Kean has retired for a time, Mr. Roberts will have ample opportunity for establishing himself in the highest rank of dramatic talent in this country. As an American and a stranger, we congratulate him on his talents and certain success among us, and give him *cead mille failthe*, which is no less his due because he brings with him the best passports to our good will—talent, and its twin sister, modesty."

Howes & Cushing's Circus commenced a winter season in Birmingham on the 26th of December.

The Christy Minstrels gave two performances each day, in London, during the holiday week. They are making arrangements for a provincial tour, having received several very liberal offers from managers and others.

Spohr, the greatest living musician, has terminated his artistic career. Having resigned his post of Kapellmeister at Cassel, he took leave of the public on the 22d of November (St. Cecilia's Day,) when his dramatic chef-d'œuvre, "Jessonda," was performed under his own directions. At the end of the opera the curtain was again raised, and the composer was seen surrounded by the members of the company. The prima donna presented him with a laurel wreath, while garlands of flowers were thrown in showers from all parts of the crowded theatre. The illustrious veteran is in his 74th year, having been born at Brunswick on the 5th of April, 1784. He enjoys a green old age, but has done wisely in retiring from the "toil and trouble" of his profession, to spend the evening of his days in ease and tranquility in the bosom of his family.

Robert Hales, the Norfolk Giant, had returned to London from the Continent.

CRICKET.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP FOR BOWLING CNOTESTED.

ANTI-MONOPOLIST vs. FELIX.

New York, January, 18, 1858.

Mr. Editor:—*Sir:*—Your correspondent "Felix" seems to have a great desire to see his name in print, or surely he would never have sent such a statement as appeared in your columns last week, claiming for "Senior" what is not his due. It is not my desire to rob "Senior" of merit to which he is justly entitled, for every one who knows him must acknowledge he is "first class," at all points of the game; but "Felix" wishes to raise him in the estimation of the cricketing public at the expense of Cuyp and Barker's fame. In his description of first and second class matches, he says: "of the six in which Mr. Cuyp played, two were against *eighteen* of Albany, and one against sixteen of Newark, *all second class* matches." I am of opinion if "Felix" had been present at Albany, he would have acknowledged, that, if they were only *second class* players, it required *first-rate* bowling to dispose of the majority of them, the eighteen being selected from Albany, Rochester, Syracuse, and Utica; with respect to the second Albany match, he labors under a great mistake; it was originally made to play 11 of the New York club vs. 16 of Albany, (instead of *eighteen* as stated by "Felix") and of these only 15 put in an appearance the first innings, and but 14 in the second; still, I do not claim it as a *first-class* match, but I think it has as much right to rank under that heading as the English vs. American, which "Felix" very *conveniently forgets* to state was against *eighteen* of the latter; and most of them very inferior players, the best of the eighteen originally intended to play having left for home (in consequence of the wet weather) before the game commenced.

Again, does "Felix" call the eleven taken to Philadelphia by St. George, "*first-class?*" If so, I am of opinion when the Philadelphians play at Hoboken next year, St. George will show them something *better* than *first-class*; I know the difficulty they labored under in getting eleven to play, and when they replace their *tail end* with such men as Lang, Bingham, Wheatleigh, Vyse, &c., I think our friend "Felix" will acknowledge that their last match was *hardly first-class*.

I am but little acquainted with the Philadelphia gentlemen, and must confess if they have twenty-two players of sufficient good quality to enable them to play a Married vs. Single match, and call it *first-class*, they must be a very formidable club; but it is the more surprising that these *first class* players should challenge *only eleven* of Newark, when a match played against *sixteen* of that club is called by "Felix" only "*second-class.*" I observe that Senior's name appears conspicuous, only in the matches, Married vs. Single of Philadelphia, and English vs. American, he having obtained 23 out of the 34 wickets "Felix" has assigned him in those two matches alone. To conclude, I freely admit Senior to be a first-rate player, but I will maintain that Cuyp shows the best bowling for the season 1857. Apologising for this intrusion on your time and space, I am, Sir, yours,

Anti-Monopolist.

Averages of the Germantown Cricket Club, Philadelphia.—The averages of this club do not make so good an appearance as we should have expected, considering the number of matches played. Cadwaladar and J. Wister head the list, however, the former with 9 and 4 over, the latter with 7 and 8 over, which, in comparison with the rest, are most excellent. Most of them we believe, are young players, and as a consequence it cannot be expected that they are to reach the top of the ladder at one jump. Perseverence, with plenty of practice and attention to the proper mode of play will soon make up for any deficiency, and we hope that by the end of the coming season we shall be called upon to record averages from them of a fourfold excellence. The following are those for the past season:

Names.	*Matches.*	*Innings.*	*Runs.*	*Average. Over.*	*Times not out.*	*Highest Score in one Innings.*
Cadwalader	8	14	130	9-4	2	25
J. Wister	8	15	108	7-3	1	34
C. Bayard	8	14	80	2-2	0	10
Bernadio	9	14	52	3-10	0	29
Barclay	8	14	57	4-1	2	23
Newhall	8	15	67	4-7	2	10
Mears	10	17	54	3-3	1	17
F. Wister	9	15	14	0-14	3	4
W. W. Wister	8	12	47	3-11	4	25
Pepper	6	9	31	3-4	0	12
McCall	5	8	21	2-5	0	13
Tucker	11	18	41	2-5	3	10
A. Wister	8	13	48	3-9	3	14
Fisher	7	12	33	2-9	0	8
Massey	4	7	37	5-2	0	11

Cricket in Cleveland.—The weather has been so mild in that region, that the boys, unable to restrain their impatience any longer, shouldered their material, proceeded to the ground, chose sides for single wicket, and after an hours' good exercise, concluded with a score for the respective sides (which consisted of four) 9 against 21. Cricket in January! What next?

THE TRIGGER.

Pigeon Shooting at Newark.—On Monday next, there will be an excellent display of Pigeon Shooting at Newark, N. J. A private match for $100, between two well-known sporting gentlemen of that place, will be the first event decided, and subsequently several sweepstakes will be shot for. It is anticipated that some of the best shots in the State will be present, as many of them have announced their intention of taking part in the proceedings. There will be an abundance of birds provided on the occasion by Mr. Tichenor, of the Darcy House, Newark, and his name is a guarantee of the superior quality of the birds furnished. Some good sport may be expected, and we shall in our next week's Clipper give an account of the proceedings of the day.

Pigeon Match.—On Monday last the shooting match between Mr. John Taylor of Jersey City, and Mr. Heartshorn of Brooklyn for $100, came off on Hoboken Meadows. There was a very large attendance of spectators present, and some good shooting was displayed, Mr. Taylor proving the victor. The following is the score:

Mr. Taylor	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
Mr. Heartshorn	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0

Subsequent to the above match, a sweepstakes of six subscribers was shot for and won by Mr. James Turner.

Trap Shooting in Brooklyn.—A pigeon shooting will take place at the Sportsman's Arms, 3d Avenue and 9th street, Brooklyn, for a splendid double barrelled gun, on Thursday, January 21st, positively at one o'clock. Gentlemen fond of trap shooting, will to well to attend.

SPARRING.

Harrington's Benefit.—There was a very good attendance at Kerrigan's Hall, 22 White street, on the 12th inst., on the occasion of a complimentary sparring exhibition to Mr. Wm. Harrington, one of the old school boxers. The boxing was of an inferior order, generally. The best set-to of the evening was that between Buffalo Jack and his pupil—this was a slashing affair, and was deservedly applauded. Old Bill Tovee and Jack Adams had a turn together. L. Bieral and W. Harrington tried themselves, but the old 'un is not as he was in days of yore, and the set-to, consequently, did not possess much interest for the spectator. There were several other bouts, though of but little interest. We have no doubt the exhibition proved remunerative to the beneficiare, the price of tickets being 50 cents.

Boxing Extra!—Phil Clare in Attitude.—Rare Sport in Fistic Circles.—To the sporting community and admirers of athletic sports, Phil Clare respectfully announces that he will give a night of Boxing at Kerrigan's Saloon, 22 White street, on Friday evening, Jan. 22d, being his first appeal as a sparrer in several years. The exhibition will consist of several tip-top glove encounters, by the best boxers of the day. During the evening, the Unknown of Brooklyn, who recently challenged Joe Coburn, will appear in a friendly set-to with Phil Clare. Others of celebrity will also contribute to the sports. The wind-up will be a slashing set-to, in ring costume, between Con Fitzgerald and Phil Clare. Tickets 25 cents each. Doors open at seven o'clock; sparring commences at eight.

Boxing Revival in Boston.—Professor W. G. Taylor will give two grand exhibitions at the Melodeon, next to the Boston Theatre, in Washington street, Boston, on the 26th and 27th inst. He will be assisted by a number of excellent boxers, including Mike Murphy, of New York, and a celebrated sparrer of Philadelphia. The prices of admission for these exhibitions have been fixed at 25 cents to the gallery, and 50 cents to the body of the house. These entertainments promise to be well and respectably attended. Let there be ample provision made for the comfort of the spectators, and let good order characterise the entire proceedings, and there will be no opposition manifested in Boston hereafter to sparring exhibitions.

Young Cheek Hares, we are gratified to learn, is in Boston, where he is teaching the manly art of self-defence, having quite a large number of scholars. He is well pleased with the Bostonians, and we have no doubt they are equally well pleased with him.

Clare's Exhibition.—The "unknown," who recently challenged Joe Coburn, without meeting with an acceptance, will set-to at Phil. Clare's exhibition on Friday evening, 22d inst.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Sprint Race.—There was a foot race, on the 15th instant, over the Winter Hill Road, in Somerville, Massachusetts, for a purse of $25, a distance of 500 yards. The competitors were James Smith and Asa Hovey, of Charlestown. The former won, coming out about fifteen feet ahead. About a hundred persons only were in attendance.

Lambert and the Lynn Buck.—A match has been made between these parties, to walk the plank; the first one who sits down, or goes to sleep, or falls off, to lose the match.

The match is to be decided in Constitution Hall, Sudbury street, Boston, commencing Tuesday, January 19th, when both men will mount the plank precisely at 12 o'clock, M. This match has created great excitement in the vicinity of Boston, and our opinion is that it will be stoutly contested, as both men are in good condition, and evenly matched.

Challenge.—Female Pedestrianism.—James Lambert will match Flora Temple, female pedestrian, to walk any woman in the United States, on a plank forty feet long, three feet wide, raised three feet from the floor, for $500 a side. A match can be made by addressing J. Lambert, Stewart's Hall, corner of Boylston and Washington streets, Boston. James Lambert.

Champion Cup to be Walked for.—Mr. Brown, of the Red House, Harlem, has had manufactured a Silver Cup, which he intends giving to the fastest walker. The contest is to take place at the Red House Grounds, Harlem, on Thursday, January 28th, free to all who choose to enter. The first in will be awarded the Champion Cup and $5; the second to receive $5, and the third, $1. Mr. James Adams, who has entered, will give each competitor a start of 100 yards. All who feel disposed to enter, can do so by leaving their names at our office, or with Mr. Brown, at the Red House. The distance to be walked is four miles.

Challenge Accepted.—Boston, Jan. 16, 1858.—In the Clipper of Jan. 16, I noticed a challenge to me to run a five or ten mile race, for Fifty Dollars, or more, signed T. J. Sullivan. Now, although I never professed to be a runner, I will run Mr. Sullivan a race of 250 yards, for $25—or more. If my terms do not suit Mr. Sullivan, I have a novice that I will back against him to run him five miles, for $50, or more. An answer through the Clipper will be immediately attended to.

Bill Plunkett.

Youth and Beauty.—It is said that once in seven years the human frame undergoes a complete change—the system is revolutionized, and every particle of the machinery of the body is entirely renewed, although gradual the process. This is a novel and startling theory, yet not more startling than the fact, that by the use of Dr. Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap, the human face divine will still retain its youthful appearance, and a fine, clear complexion, even while age is creeping on apace. Novel as this assertion is, a trial will attest its truth. Even grey, light, or red hair can be marvellously changed to a beautiful brown or black by using Doctor Gouraud's Liquid Hair Dye, and superfluous hair can be removed by the Doctor's Poudres Subtiles. These rare and valuable cosmetics, with a fine assortment of perfumery, can be had at No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway; in Philadelphia, at T. R. Callendar's, 88 South Third street; and in Boston, of J. B. Bates, 129 Washington street.

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & HUNTLEY'S MINSTRELS!

OPERA HOUSE ..... SCHOOL STREET,
OPPOSITE FRANKLIN MONUMENT,
Boston.

The above Company commence their Series of Unique Burlesque Ethiopian Melanges on MONDAY EVENING, January 4th, 1858, and will continue every evening and Saturday afternoon during the season. The hall has been beautifully fitted up, and the Managers pledge themselves that no pains shall be wanting on their part to render this the place of amusement for the play-going public.

Cards of admission, 25 cents; children under ten years, 15 cents.
Doors open at 6½ o'clock; performance commencing at 7½.
39 LON MORRIS & J. T. HUNTLEY, Business Managers.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
MECHANICS' HALL, 472 BROADWAY, ABOVE GRAND STREET.
Open every night during the week.
THE CELEBRATED AND ORIGINAL
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
COMPRISING THIRTEEN TALENTED PERFORMERS.
Introducing a new variety of
SONGS, DANCES, BURLESQUE SAYINGS,
SHAKSPERIAN READINGS, HORSE COMBAT,
SAW DUST ACROBATS, CHALLENGE DANCE,
ESSENCE OF OLD VIRGINNY, &c., &c.
JERRY, NEIL, AND DAN BRYANT
In a variety of Comicalities.
Doors open at 7—Concert commence at 8. Admission 25 cents. 4

FOR SALE.

A VERY FINE VIXEN FOX, EIGHTEEN MONTHS OLD. FOR price, address W. L., Clipper office. 40-tf

THE CALIFORNIA LOTTERY—"THE GREATEST GAME OUT"—the "dead sure of dead sures"—the most complete "dead open and shut" ever got up, first invented by Jim Dade, in San Francisco, in 1850, and from his original cloth mine is copied; a splendid got up cloth, sent for $5, or a fac simile on paper (thus leaving it at the option of the purchaser to have a cloth painted from it in any style he may desire) sent for $2. Complete instructions to play it accompany either. Also marked cards, strippers, marked strippers, Arkansas trick cards. Instructions for playing, &c. &c. the same as usual.
40-1t HURDIS YELL, Springfield, Mass.

DON'T FOOL AWAY YOUR MONEY ON THE STALE ONE HORSE Canuckers (styled by some Canada cards)—that kind was "played out" centuries ago; not so with mine—they are the "indefatigables."
HURDIS YELL,
40-1t Springfield, Mass.

ADVANTAGE CARDS.

ON THE RECEIPT OF $1, I WILL SEND TO ANY ADDRESS IN the United States, or Canada, free of expense, Marked Cards, made only in Canada, by which color, suit, and size may be told by the backs. [39-3t] EUGENE SHERROD, Pottsville, Pa.

"THE SOCIABLE."

JOHN MARRIOTT RESPECTFULLY INFORMS HIS FRIENDS AND the public generally, that he has just taken the Saloon, No. 81 ROSEVELT STREET, where he will be happy to see them at all times. Dogs trained in the most skilful and experienced manner, on reasonable terms. 32-2mos.

SUFFERERS FROM SEMINAL WEAKNESS.

OR INVOLUNTARY EMISSIONS, DON'T FOOL AWAY MONEY upon "Rings," "Curative (?) Instruments," "Invigorating (?) Cordials," "Regenerators," Buchu, Quack Books, or pseudo-"Doctors," hoping to regain lost health, for they *always injure*, but NEVER CURE any one; and now "show I unto you a more excellent way." Enclose a stamp, and address, *in perfect confidence*, your friend and former fellow sufferer, WM. J. S. C. ADAMS,
38-3m Box 176, Charlestown, Mass.

"HOW TO WIN AT CARDS"

SEND YOUR ADDRESS AND THREE RED STAMPS TO GUSTAVUS M. HOWARD, Boston Post Office, and he will inform you of a sure method of winning at all the various games. 41-3t

P. HEALY & CO.,
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Manufacturers of 21-6m
BOXING, SWORD, AND CRICKET GLOVES.

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JIM FARRISH

BEGS TO INFORM HIS NUMEROUS FRIENDS AND THE PUBLIC IN general, not forgetting the Sporting Community, that he is always on hand at the old house,
"THE PACIFIC,"
489 Washington Street, (opposite Spring street Market.)
Free Lunch every day from 10 to 12 o'clock.
Chowder served up every Saturday evening, from 7 to 12 o'clock.
☞ Don't forget to give Jim a call. 38

GAME FOWLS FOR SALE.

SARGENT, IRISH, MEXICAN, SEFTON, COUNTERFEIT, NATIVE, Spanish, Sumatra, Earl Derbys; also, five pairs silver laced Sebright Bantams, three pairs Pheasant Bantams, six pairs white silkey fowls of Japan, six pairs pouter Pigeons, three pairs white Guinea Fowls, three pairs white Turkeys. Address
34 JONATHAN DORWART, Lancaster City, Pa.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL.

CORNER OF BRIDGE AND JOHN STREETS, BROOKLYN.—HARRY GRIBBIN begs most respectfully to inform his numerous friends in Brooklyn and New York, that he has taken and entered upon the above Hotel, where he will always have on hand a choice and excellent assortment of the best Wines, Spirits, and Malt Liquors, together with the finest brands of Cigars. His house is immediately contiguous to the Roosevelt Ferry, and he will at all times be glad to see his old friends and supporters at the above place.
The Clipper and *Bell's Life* kept on file. 3 mos.-34

GAME FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS ON HAND, AND OFFERS FOR SALE A great variety of GAME FOWLS, comprising English, Irish, Sefton, Natives, Sumatras, Wild Indian, Indian, Mountain, and a fine lot of Stags bred from my imported fowls that were imported from Thomas Roscoe, Gamekeeper for the second and late Earl of Derby, in steamship North America. Also one pair of the old ones.
32-1mo. L. B. LEGG, Dover, N. H.

A PHYSICIAN'S LEGACY TO YOUNG MEN.

"The glory of a young man
Is his strength."

From the Sunday Dispatch, New York, Aug. 2d, 1857.

"Our readers are aware that we seldom, if ever, recommend any medical publication, if not endorsed by the very highest authority. As such an instance we may mention Dr. Culverwell's *new publication on Nervous Debility* and other *weaknesses*, the result of early indiscretion. It is a small but valuable Pamphlet. His preparations, the "Regenerator" and "Nervine," are now considered the sole and only effectual remedies extant for the complaints referred to.

Dr Culverwell's Seminal Regenerator and Royal Nervine, the sovereign remedies for Seminal Weakness, Sexual Debility, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Piles, &c., are for sale by F. Wells & Co., 118 Franklin street, New York; and most of the leading Druggists in the country.

Dr. C's Pamphlet, as above, containing full advices for the cure of Spermatorrhea, &c., can be had, in a secure envelope, by enclosing 4 stamps to Dr. Chas. J. C. Kline, 1st Avenue, corner 10th street, New York, Post Box No. 4586. 27-9m

ART AND SCIENCE OF MANUAL DEFENCE.

THE SUBSCRIBER WOULD MOST RESPECTFULLY INFORM HIS patrons and the public that he is now ready to give instructions in the noble art of Self-Defence, at his spacious rooms, 208 Centre street. Those wishing to form themselves into classes will do well to apply immediately, as delay may preclude the possibility of their being admitted. Terms moderate; and every possible facility given for the prosecution of this healthy and invigorating exercise.
27-3m WILLIAM HASTINGS.

FOR SALE.

THE FOLLOWING BREEDS OF GAME FOWLS, NAMELY, Sergeant, Bull-Calf, Sefton, Champions, Counterfeit, and Tartar; the two last named breeds, as to purity of blood and fighting qualities, have no equals. Price, $3 for one stag, or $5 for a stag and pullet; I will warrant them dead game. Orders must be addressed to WM. H. COOPER, West Chester, Chester Co., Pa., Box 138 Post office.
P. S.—Fowls can be sent safe by express. 11-6m

MICHAEL PHELAN'S MODEL BILLIARD TABLES

AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS, PATENTED FEBRUARY 19, 1856. These Tables combine the nicest mathematical accuracy of workmanship with elegance of design, and possess all the qualities that are esteemed by the scientific player. They have many advantages not to any other Tables manufactured, the Cushions having a nicely-adjusted bevel, and are very low, but so constructed as to prevent all bagging or jumping of the ball. They are now used in preference to all others at the principal Hotels and Public Billiard Rooms in New York, and by amateur players throughout the country.
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Salesrooms 786 and 788 Broadway, N. Y.
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JUST PUBLISHED—PRICE $1, "THE GAME OF BILLIARDS,"
Its Theory and Practice, with numerous Illustrations. By Michael Phelan, author of "*Billiards Without a Master.*" Single copies mailed free on receipt of price, by O'CONNER & COLLENDER,
39-3m 53 Ann street, N. Y.

RICH AND INTERESTING.

TO THOSE WHO WANT BOOKS THAT ARE REALITY WORTH reading, we would call their attention to the following list of new and original works. The most of these books are translated from the French of the most celebrated authors, and all of them are illustrated with beautiful COLORED ENGRAVINGS, which have only to be seen to be appreciated.

On receipt of the money these books will be sent FREE OF POSTAGE, to any part of the United States.

The Six Mistresses of Pleasure. (By Charles P DeK.)	25
The Countess; or, My Intrigues with the Bloods	25
Amelia Moreton; or, Life at a Fashionable Watering Place	25
Julia King; or, The Follies of My Life	25
The Gay Deceiver; or, Man's Perfidy and Woman's Frailty	25
Merry Wives of London; a Picture of Licentiousness of the Court	50
Anna Mowbray; or, Tales of the Harem	25
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Simon, the Radical; or, The Adventures of a Bonnet Rouge	25
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The Bridal Chamber and its Mysteries	25
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A large deduction made to persons who buy by the quantity to sell again. Our Complete Catalogues will be sent FREE to those who will write for them. Address all orders to
HENRY R. G. BARKLEY, New York.
We are respo ble for all registered letters containing money. 13-1y

LIFE AND BATTLES OF TOM SPRING,

THE BUTCHER,

CHAMPION OF ENGLAND IN 1824.

From a work published in London in 1829.

SPRING'S SILVER CUP.

This handsome piece of plate was made by Messrs. Grayhurst, Harvey & Co., silversmiths, of the Strand, and was presented to Spring, at Hereford, with the following inscription engraven upon it:

1823.

TO THOMAS WINTER,
of Founhope, in the County of Hereford,
this Cup was presented,
by his Countrymen of the Land of Cider,
in token of their esteem for the Manliness and Science,
which, in many severe contests in the Pugilistic Ring, under the name of
SPRING,
raised him to the proud distinction of
THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

The above inscription is surrounded by a handsome device of apples, &c., at the bottom of which is a representation of two game cocks at the close of a battle, one standing over the other. On the other side of the cup is a view of the P. R., with two pugilists in attitudes. Upon the top or lid of the cup is a cider barrel placed on a stand. The inside is gilt, and it is large enough to hold a gallon of "nectar divine." It has also two elegantly chased handles, and a fluted pedestal. Upon the whole, it has a very handsome appearance, and reflects great credit on the taste and workmanship desplayed by Messrs. Grayhurst & Co.

During the time Spring and Cribb were on a sparring tour through the principal towns in England, he met with the Irish Champion, Jack Langan, when the following correspondence took place between them:

To Mr. Spring, Town Hall Tavern, Manchester:

SIR—As you have taken on yourself the title of Champion of England, you are of course open to fight any man provided he can get backed for what is considered in the London Ring a handsome stake I have now to inform you, that some gentlemen in Manchester will back me to fight you for one hundred sovereigns a side. To any other person I might have made some kind of an apology for this rough invitation, but I am confident you will take it as it is meant, that is, in the way of business. The bearer, Mr. Reynolds, will make any appointment convenient to yourself, for putting down some money to make the match.

I am, sir, your humble servant, JACK LANGAN.

Running Horses, Salford, Sept. 29, 1823.

Mr. Langan Running Horse Salford.

To MR LANGEN—*Sir*—haveing some munths ago recived a challing from you in Ireland for £100 wh'ch if I had thoate the som worth my notice I should have answered that without waiting for a repetecion and should serve this in the same way but soposing you do not understand what silent contempe means therefore to inform you that I do not think it worth my notice tho if may answer youer purpose as it may please the fealings of some sholl boy to say in company [I have challenged the Champion of England, and the dare not fight me] this may appear very pleasing to your fealings if so you are very welcom to them, but before I close I wish to inform you that I will meate you half way between london and Manchester and fight you for £500 a side and stake £100 at eney time you thinks proper and if youer friends think you can win £100 they will not hesitate to back you for £500 a side if this wos to eney other gentleman but Mr. Langen I should make some apology for addressidg him in this manner but I think it is not necessary as it is in his way of Business.

Youers, &c. T. WINTER—SPRING.

Mr. T. Spring, Town Hall Tavern, Manchester:

SIR—When the brave and manly Cribb made you a present of the Championship of England, you promised in the face of the world to imitate his praiseworthy conduct in the Prize Ring. But the promise you have not fulfilled, for Cribb never sneered at a £100 customer or told him that he treated his offer with contempt. Recollect the title you hold was but a gift for which you never fought. I will advise you to keep this in mind, for it will check that vanity with which you are so terribly bloated—a vanity without the least foundation, except it is for beating the Grey-headed Old Stringer or winning the made-up fight with Tom Oliver, or is it your being well drubbed by the one-armed cripple, Ned Painter? Out of compliment to the county we are in, I will not mention the particulars of the great girl fight between you and Jack Carter. With respect to Neat, you rose nothing by that victory; all you could gain by that fight is money. But it appears by your answer to my challenge that money is the God you worship. What fame had he acquired? He certainly managed to beat Tom Oliver, after repeated giving up in the course of the battle, and he gallantly beat the Gas Light Man, not within three stone of his own weight; and it is well known the Gas Man received a £1000 for losing the battle. Is it for beating the Prince of Curs, who gave in without a mark or losing one drop of blood in his fight with you, that you call yourself Champion? My friends in the county will back me against any one you ever fought, in the sum of £100 to £80. I would never have thought it worth my while to bring back to your memory days long past out, that you seem to forget yourself; but look back in your native county, where you could not get friends to back you for £50 a side. I am an Irishman, a stranger in this county, and the circle of my friends very limited, but they have, in my opinion, come handsomely forward in backing me for the sum I have offered. Permit me to say that, in my opinion, you display a great deal of the cur in thus naming a sum which you must be confident I cannot raise; but all the world must know the true reason, for any other pugilist that meant fighting would think it a good stake. The son of your host has circulated a report that if I cannot get backed for £500 a side, it would not suit your purpose to go into training, and that you say you will give me a good milling for love. Believe me, you could not have met a more accommodating customer than myself; money with me is the least consideration; only name the place, and you will find me your humble servant; you or me must be Champion. And should it fall to my lot, I give you my word I will never refuse any man in the world a trial that can get backed for £100. You will oblige me by naming when you will give me this promised drubbing, and never fear but I will attend to the appointment. An answer as soon as possible will oblige Your humble servant, JOHN LANGAN.

Running Horses, Salford, Sept. 30, 1823.

IRELAND VS. ENGLAND.

From the Stockport Advertiser.

Our publishing last week the classical correspondence between Langan and Spring, seems to have produced a good deal of ire from Mr. Spring, and he has in consequence addressed the following letter, by handbill, to Mr. Langan, which has been strictly copied:

SIR—I should have not condescended to have answered your letter, had I not have been in a strange town, in which I owe to the public my best thanks for their liberal support, while I have had the honor to appear before them—the following statement of facts will, I hope, satisfy every liberal mind; and place you in that situation, which your conduct towards me justly merits.

On perusing the Stockport Advertiser this morning, dated October 3d, I was rather surprised at finding an article headed "Correspondence between the Champion of Ireland (Langan) and the Champion of England (Spring)," which the Editor observes he gives Verbatim Et literatim? My Orthography may, perhaps, be questionable; but, certainly I am not the Dunce his gabbled statement would make me appear, as it is not exactly essential for a fighting man to be a Classical Scholar. He, in the first place, states, "We herewith give the correspondence between these two Champions, as promised in our last." I should be glad to be informed how the Editor of the Stockford Advertiser could make such a promise last week, when at the time of that paper going to press, it was not even known in Manchester, that I should have the honor of visiting it; but allowing him every credit for this wonderful foresight, I should proceed to answer Mr. Langan's last letter, as my answer to his former is already before the public.

I should wish to inform Mr. Langan, that if he pursues the line of conduct he has adopted, he will soon lose that estimation with Englishmen, which he seems so desirous of attaining; I can assure him, blackguardism never arrived at the top of the tree, in what he terms our line of business. I will pass over the manner in which he states I obtained the title I now hold, to that wherein he observes "I forget when I could not get backed for £50." I beg leave to inform Mr Langan, that he has been led into an error on that subject; for I never saw the day but I could raise that sum without troubling strangers for it.

If I could not, I feel assured Mr. Langan ought to be the last man to mention such a circumstance; for I never ran away, and left a wife and family to want the means of Existence! No: God forbid I ever should, or should any other Englishman! But I wish to let Mr. Langan understand that he is the first man that ever dared to call me a cur; I will leave that to all England to decide for me—as I feel assured, any one who ever saw me fight, will do me the justice to say, I do not deserve that epithet.

Mr. Langan should listen to the advice of his tutor with caution! or he may repent it. Pray what was the reason of the said tutor visiting Manchester, without a coat on his back, or a shilling in his pocket, if he had always done right? If my recollection does not fail me his tutor fought the same day that I beat the Grey-headed Old Stringer. I have fought eight battles since, seven of which I have won; he has not fought one in the London Ring since; what is the reason? Why this: who was it that made poor West Country Dick lose his fight with David Hudson, and which was ultimately the cause of his being sent out of the London Ring? Let Mr. Langan reflect on this, and judge for himself. Now, sir, I am coming to the point. You say I am a cur, because I name £500 as my sum to fight for; a sum well known to you and your friends before you challenged me. You well knew I would not fight for £100, or you would not have dared to have challenged me, nor would your tutor have advised you to it.

But I wish for the Public to judge for themselves; you know my sum was £500; you challenged me for £100, and to show you I wish to be accommodating, I now inform you, Mr. Langan, that I will meet you half way, namely, you raise £200 and I will sink £200; that is making £300 a side. Now we shall see who is the cur; but I wish to inform Mr. Langan and the World, and I shall not consider this Binding on my part, longer than I am in Manchester; if the match is not made before I leave, which will be on Thursday next, I shall then consider myself at my full price again.

I remain, &c., T. WINTER [SPRING.]

Manchester, Oct. 3.

On Thursday, October 23, 1823, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, Belcher, on the part of Langan, deposited £50 towards making a match for £300 a side, with Spring. On the articles being completed, Spring offered £100 to £80 p. p., that he won the battle. Monday, December 1, 1823, the above "Big Ones" dined together at the Castle Tavern, Holborn; but neither Spring nor Langan showed upon the occasion. However, when time was called by the President of the D. C., the blunt was ready at the scratch. Some little difference of opinion took place as to the meaning of the articles:

"Thomas Winter Spring agrees to fight John Langan for three hundred pounds a side, a fair stand up fight—half minute time to be allowed between each and every round, in a 24 foot ring. The fight to take place on the 7th day of January, 1824. Fifty pounds a side are now deposited in the hands of Mr. H. One hundred and fifty pounds a side to be made good at Mr. Belcher's, Castle Tavern, Holborn, on the first Monday in December, &c." The Ould Champion, (Tom Cribb,) who attended on the part of his boy, Spring, said, that he had only one hundred pounds to put down; while, on the behalf of Langan, Belcher insisted that the spirit of the Articles required £150, and he was ready to put down £150 for Langan. The dispute in question was fairly discussed by the meeting; and the President decided in favor of the majority—that if £100 a side were put down, the Articles would be complied with. The Ould Champion rose with some warmth, and said, "He was not particular, and if the other party wished it, he would make the £300 a side good immediately; or he would increase the match between Langan and Spring for 1000 guineas. He (Tom Cribb) was quite certain that Langan meant fighting, and if the latter wished to increase the stakes, he and his party had an opportunity of doing it."

On Thursday, January 1, 1824, the whole of the stakes, of six hundred sovereigns, were made good over a Sporting Dinner at Tom Cribb's. When time was called, Belcher showed at the mark on the part of Langan, and put down £150. Cribb, also, for his boy Spring, instantly fobbed out £150. At the head of the table, before the President, was placed the Ould Champion's silver cup, and Spring's cup was also seen before the Deputy President. The John Bull Fighter was present, and, by way of keeping the game alive, offered to give two guineas to fight Langan, let him win or lose, for £200 a side; and likewise, that he would take ten guineas for £200 a side with Spring. The true courage of Josh. Hudson was greatly admired, and loudly applauded. The dinner was good, the wines were excellent, and the company separated, well pleased with their evening's entertainment. Spring was decidedly the favorite at two to one; two and a half to one was also betted; and in one instance £300 to £100 was laid. In consequence of Langan being a complete stranger to the Sporting World, the Amateurs, generally, were inclined to bet the odds, instead of taking them.

Wednesday, January 7, 1824. Often and often as it has fallen to our lot to portray the road and place of fighting, we feel no hesitation in saying, to describe the late scene at Worcester is impossible. It was grand and imposing beyond all former precedent. Upwards of thirty thousand persons were present—nay, several calculators upon the subject have declared, to the best of their belief, that not less than fifty thousand people were assembled together on this milling occasion. It was a union of all ranks, from the brilliant of the highest class in the circle of Corinthians, down to the Dusty Bob gradation in society; and even a shade or two below that. Lots of the upper house, the lower house, and the flash house. Proprietors of splendid parks and demesnes; inmates from proud and lofty mansions; groups from the most respectable dwellings; thousands from the peaceable cot—and myriads of coves from no houses at all; in a word, it was a conglomeration of the Fancy. Where are you, Mr. Hazlett? What food for the imagination did it exhibit? Peers, M. P.'s, Yokels of every cast, Cockneys, and Sheenies throwing "away their propertish" without a sigh that it costs so much *monish* to witness the Grand Mill. The roads in every direction round Worcester beggared all description. The adventures at the Inns would furnish subjects for twenty farces, and the company in general in the city of Worcester of so masquerade a character that it defies the pen; and even the celebrated pencil of a George Cruikshank would be at fault to give the richness of its effect. The grand stand was filled to an overflow in every part, with two additional wings or scaffolds erected for the occasion. Ten shillings were paid for the admission of each person. The masts of the vessels in the river Severn, which flowed close behind, moored on each side of the stand, were overloaded with persons; and even temporary scaffolds about two stories high, outside of the wagons, were filled by anxious spectators, regardless of danger, so great was the public curiosity excited by this event. It was a beautiful sight, indeed. Let the reader picture to himself a spacious amphitheatre, encircled by wagons, an outer roped ring within for the Padders and bluntless lads, who stood up to their knees in mud. What is termed the P. C. Ring was raised about two feet from the ground, covered over with dry turf; and a cart load of saw-dust dispersed all over it. The race course was so intolerably bad and full of slush that all the scavengers and mud-larks from the metropolis could not have cleaned it in a week. Outside of the wagons the ground displayed one complete sheet of water; and several lads, who were jolly enough to save a few yards of ground by jumping over ditches, measured their lengths in the water, receiving a complete ducking, to the no small amusement of the country girls, who were putting the blush upon the Cockneys astray, by their loud laughter. What will not curiosity do? Here the swells were seen sitting down in the mud with as much *sang froid* as though lolling on a sofa, *tete-a-tete*, with some attractive, lovely, fair damsel. Not a place could be obtained on the stand after ten o'clock. The city of Worcester was full of gaiety early in the day; the streets were filled with the arrival of coaches and four, post-chaises, mails, and vehicles of every description, blowing of horns, and the bells ringing, in short it was a perfect jubilee to the inhabitants. Spring rode through the town in a slap-up-set-out and four (Colonel Berkely's) about twelve o'clock. The postilions were in red, and every thing corresponding in tip top style. He arrived on the ground by half-past twelve, amidst the shouts of the spectators, and drove close up to the ropes in a post-chaise. He threw his hat into the ring accompanied by Tom Cribb and Ned Painter. He was dressed remarkably genteel. At this period all was anxious expectation, and on the look out for Langan, but a quarter of an hour had elapsed, and no Langan; half an hour gone, and no Paddy; three quarters over, and still no Irish Champion in sight. Spring pulled out his watch, and said, "It is time." In the midst of the hour, waiting for the arrival of Langan, the right wing belonging to the stand gave way, and fifteen hundred persons, at least, were all thrown one upon another. It was an awful moment. To give anything like an outline of the feelings displayed by the spectators baffles every attempt. Hundreds were in tears, loudly exclaiming, "I have lost a father—a brother—a dear friend." It was afflicting beyond every thing to behold a noble lord frantic with agony, as he had the moment before placed his brother on the scaffold as a place of safety. Spring turned pale, and said, "how sorry I am for this accident." In a few minutes cheerfulness was restored, it being ascertained that nothing material had occurred, excepting a few contusions, and some of the persons limping away from the spot. "Thank God!" ejaculated Spring, "I would not have had it happened while I was fighting, for a hundred thousand pounds!" The John Bull boxer had now become impatient, and exclaimed, "this is strange! Where's my man?" "I'll bet ten to one," says a swell, "he don't mean to come at all." "I'll take it, Sir," said an Irishman, "a thousand times over." "No," was the reply—"I meant I would *take* it." The blunt or stakes would certainly have been claimed by Spring; but no precise time was specified in the Articles; "it was, as the lawyers say, a day in law, meaning any time within the day;" the time had not been mentioned in black and white. Nearly an hour had transpired, when several voices sung out from the stand, "Josh. Hudson! Josh. Hudson! Langan wishes to see you." The John Bull Fighter bolted towards the place like lightning, and, in a few minutes afterwards, shouts rending the air proclaimed the approach of the Irish Champion. He did not, like most of the other boxers, throw his castor up in the air, but, in the most modest way possible, leaned over the ropes and laid it down. He immediately went up and shook hands with Spring. The latter, with great good nature and manliness, said, "I hope you are well, Langan." "Very well, my boy; and we'll soon talk to each other in another way."

TO BE CONTINUED.

DONKEY RACE;

OR, THE LAST IN, WINS.

THERE is a vast deal of roaring fun at a donkey race, and an announcement of such a contest never fails to draw a "big crowd." Instead of the first animal in being the winner, the last one to reach the score, obtain's the honor's; and the consequence is that all sorts of devices ore resorted to in order to increase the speed of an opponent's "nag," and decrease that of your own. Our artist has given us a fair idea of how a donkey race is managed, and the manner in which the animals are "put through."

"HOW BIDDY STOPPED A HOLE."

"OUR folks" have got a Biddy of the veritablest kind. She is a queer duck, and good-natured "as a basket of chips," and would make one of the nicest warming institutions of a cold night, we know of. Well, last Sunday, as we were sitting down to dinner, we found the old cat, with three young grimalkins, largely engaged in the nursery business under the table.

"Biddy," said we, "take this cat and her kittens, and put them where we shall never see them more." A hint of dreadful import, but not understood.

"Faith, sir, an' that I will."

The feline family were removed, and we proceeded to dine. By and by Biddy re-entered, with an expression on her face that seemed to say, "Be dad, I guess they're in safe keeping now!"

"Well, Biddy, what have you done with the old cat and the kittens?"

"Be gor, sir, they're safe enough, sure. D'ye mind the wood-house fornist the stable? Well, I put them all in there, and fastened the door and windies. Then, seeing there was a hole bensate where they might get out, I stopped that up too, and so, ye see, they won't trouble you any more."

We were satisfied "av coorse," and we ate our dinner in peace; afterwards walked into the yard, where we saw the "dintical" old cat and her kittens, at perfect liberty. Calling Biddy, we said:

"Did you not say you fastened the cat in the wood-house?"

"Faith, an' I did sir."

"And stopped the hole?"

"Yes sir."

Well, she had, that's a fact, but what do you suppose she had stopped the hole with? *she had stuck a section of stove pipe into it.* We thought we should split. And there sat one of the little imps at the mouth of it, just as it had crawled out, licking its paws, and looking as saucy as thunder.

Well, Biddy will get married some of these days and then she will know better.

A CONSIDERATE SPORTSMAN.—An innocent young sportsman, in order to shoot a squirrel on the top of a tree, climbed another close by; and being asked the reason of so foolish a freek, said: "That he didn't want to strain the gun by a long shot."

HEADACHE.—Two teaspoonfuls of finely-powdered charcoal, drank in half a tumbler of water, will, in less than fifteen minutes, give relief to the sick-headache, when caused, as in most cases it is, by a superabundance of acid on the stomach.

SAGACITY OF A DOG.

WE have heard of many anecdotes of the attachment and instinctive sagacity of the canine species, but, perhaps few, if any, which are well authenticated, yield to the present:

On Wednesday week, about eight o'clock, an industrious poor fellow, named Robert Tigh, who had been enjoying himself with a few friends and fellow workmen, left their society, accompanied by a small terrier, with the intention of going to his home. His course lay principally along a canal, in pursuing which it was necessary, following the horse-track, to pass under several of the bridges which cross the water (which, by the way, may be well to remark, are built so low as nearly to ensure the repetition of frequent accidents.) In passing under one of these, the poor fellow having enjoyed rather too much of his friend's conviviality, and not recollecting the height of the archway, knocked his forehead against it, and was precipitated into the canal. The little dog which accompanied him, and which we have spoken of, scarce had seen its master immersed in the watery element, when he set up a most distressing howl, and after looking eagerly for some time about the spot, ran off rapidly towards the house of its unfortunate master, continuing the howl uninterruptedly. Though it had been met by several persons in its course, the fears naturally excited by recent canine rabies prevented their paying any attention to it, and as it appears, under the influence of its turning its fury on them, fled precipitately, and let the animal take its course. It still pursued its way, and no impediment could stop it until it reached its master's house. When it had got there, it scratched and howled most piteously at the door; this was at first unattended to, but afterwards the attached little animal gave forth a cry so piercing and so shrill that it at once brought down its widowed mistress to the door. On opening it, it seized her by the skirt of her gown, and endeavored to drag her on, still repeating its howlings. Knowing the fidelity of the little creature, and that it would not for a moment desert its master, her fears became excited, and she went towards the public-house which her husband was in the habit of frequenting, to ascertain if he was there. On her way thither, she met a person named Roberts, a brick-maker, a friend of her husband's, who had been in his company that evening. She asked him where her husband was (the dog still following,) and he replied that they parted a little after seven o'clock, when he said he was going home. The poor woman then exclaimed, "As sure as God is in Heaven, something bad has happened! I fear he is in the canal; I'll follow the dog: he'd never come home without him." While the conversation was going on, the faithful animal looked up, whined, and appeared uneasy and anxious to move off. On Mrs. Tigh's going off, it scampered on before her, still yelling and leading the way to where its unhappy master had met with a watery grave. When it had reached it, its cries were redoubled, so much so as to attract the attention of those persons who were immediately around. The drags were in consequence immediately procured, and thrown into the spot over which the dog hung. No sooner had they touched the water than he leaped in, and swam about the place with the greatest anxiety until the body was found. He followed it then into shore, and never moved from it until it reached the place where the inquisition was held.

YOUNG AMERICA SPEAKING THE LINGO.

"YOUNG MAN," inquired a puzzled traveler, at a point of his journey where the way diverged in different directions, "which of these roads will take you to Manchester?"

"Neither, sir; but if you wait an hour the stage will be along to take you to town for a quarter."

"You appear to be a shrewd boy, but not particularly charged with manners. How old are you?"

"I'm hoein' around my fifteenth year; and as for being shrewd, they reckon me that way around here; I have knocked the spots off old Dabad, and beat the schoolmaster at 'seven up' and parsing; but when you talk about charged with manners, I'm well loaded and rammed too!"

"Have you parents living?"

"Parents living?--if you mean the old man and woman—no, I thank you--they slid, and left me to play the thing alone."

"With whom do you reside—I mean with whom do you live?"

"Well thar! if you call living, being bound out till you're one-and-twenty to one of the meanest men that ever sat down to a biled dinner, I live up the hill there, to old Waggoner's, who farms it with me and a yoke of roan stag!"

"My young friend, your early culture seems to have been sadly neglected. Have you ever enjoyed Sabbath privileges?"

"You'd better think so; there ain't a hedge-hog nor a wood-chuck within three miles of here. Old Waggoner has the meat, and I have the hide and tallow."

"What may I call your name, my lad?"

"You can't make any mistake, call me what you have the most of; but my genuine name is Alph Chesebro—for quick they call me Cheesey. But I have wasted more time than common; I can hear the old man giving tongue, and I must worm off, or the old boy will be here and lick us both. So, captain, consider me yours, and if you'll eddy around some Sunday, I'll show you fun or pay the rum!"

A SNAKE STORY.—The following anecdote *is a fact.* It was told by a gentleman who witnessed it:

"An Indian came to a certain 'agency' in the northern part of Iowa, to procure some whiskey for a young warrior, who had, as he said, been bitten by a rattlesnake. At first the 'agent' did not credit his story, but the earnestness of the Indian, and the urgency of the case, overcome his scruples, and turning to get the liquor, he asked the Indian how much he wanted?"

"Four quart," answered Indian.

"Four quarts?" asked the "agent," in surprise; "much as that?"

"Yes," replied the Indian, speaking through his set teeth, and frowning as savagely as though about to wage a war of extermination on the whole snake tribe, "four quart—*snake very big.*"

PROGRESS OF STEAM.—It is said the number of locomotives running in the United States at the present time is estimated at 9,000. The proportion of engines to length of road will average one to every three miles; for, while some of the Western roads have but one to every five or six miles, many others have one for nearly every two miles.

BEAR BAIT.—A bear was caught in a trap at Northfield, Vt., last week, and to save his life he gnawed off the paw that held him to the savage instrument. Being no surgeon, however, he neglected to tie up the arteries, and his pursuers readily followed the trail of blood for five miles, when they easily overcame the panting fugitive, exhausted as he was by the loss of the vital fluid.

SIMPLE DISINFECTANT.

CUT two or three good sized onions in halves, and place them on a plate on the floor; they absorb noxious effluvia, &c., in the sick-room in an incredibly short space of time, and are greatly to be preferred to perfumery for the same purpose. They should be changed every six hours.